

# ARCTURUS.

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No. XIV.

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## The Career OF PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

Illustrated by Phiz.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

THE ECONOMY OF MR. FYLER CLOSE AND ISHMAEL SMALL.

RECOVERING from the blow administered by Mr. Ley-craft, Ishmael promptly regained his legs, and putting them into active service, he moved down with good speed—the night air was sharp and pinching—upon a neighboring shop window, and knocking up his cap-front employed a minute or two in gazing through the pane, at what lay inside.

"There's fine slices of liver in there," said Ishmael to himself, "and excellent chops; and all sorts of greens. A pound or two of chops would be very nice, with carrots;

and so would a slab of liver. But I guess I'll take a small porter-house steak, without the bone, for this time only!"

He accordingly proceeded to invest a small sum in the delicacy in question, skewered it, and concealing it in an ingenious brown paper hood, bore it exultingly away.

"Something to wet the fibres of course," he resumed, as he approached a grocer's, "something to drown the young critters in : a pint of fresh cider from the Newark keg ; the very choicest squeezin's of a thousand pippins ! That'll do!" This beverage was procured and, in a borrowed pitcher, was put in company with the steak ; and skipping along faster than ever, bounding nimbly over any obstacle that crossed him, he was in a very few minutes in the hall that passed the broker's door. Lightly as he stepped along, the ear of the old man was too quick for him, and in answer to a summons from within, he halted, placed his steak and pitcher privily on a chair in the corner of the hall, and turning a baker's measure that stood by over them, for a screen, entered.

The lodgings of Mr. Close, were, as Ishmael now entered them, if anything, more desolate than ever. There was the dull bare floor, the naked walls, the great cold chimney, breathing, instead of warmth and comfort, a dreary chillness through the room ; and the shivering broker seated by the hearth, as if he would coax himself into a belief that a cheery fire was crackling upon it.

The only light the apartment was allowed, came in through the open windows in the rear, and was contributed by the various candles and lamps of the neighborhood. In this half-lighted gloom, Mr. Small entered, removed his cap, and stood by the door. He was hailed at once, but in a very feeble voice, by Mr. Close.

"Don't stand there, Ishmael—take a chair by the hearth ; it's much pleasanter than by the door." Ishmael came forward and did so.

"Don't you perceive a difference ?" said Mr. Close, as soon as Ishmael was seated. "Don't you think of the many pleasant fires that have blazed on this very hearth, and doesn't that make you feel cheerful ?"

Ishmael confessed that it was a comforting thought.

"Yet pleasant as it is," pursued Mr. Fyler Close, "as this is a Thursday, I'd like to be out : out in the open air, hurrying through the streets at my best pace. What do you think of that ?"

"To class-meeting, of course," suggested Ishmael, with the faintest possible smile on his delightful features.

"To be sure—but my age and infirmities, Ishmael, won't allow me, you know," answered Fyler, pleasantly, "to attend those delightful social and moral gatherings, as I'd like to."

"Certainly not," rejoined Mr. Small, grinning slightly. "Nor to be at Missionary Lectures, dropping in my little mite for the heathen," continued Fyler, "nor at the Chapel, listening to the Native African giving an account of the vices and wild beasts that beset the aboriginal negro in that benighted country. What a loss to an evangelical mind!"

"Dreadful, sir," answered Ishmael. "And there's the privilege of subscribing to a new cloak for the minister, and helping make up a box of trowsers and clean linen for the Tuscaroras!"

"Very true, Ishmael—very true! I'm a melancholy old fellow, doing nothing but sit here all day long—with people coming in and begging me to take twenty per cent interest, coaxing me with tears in their eyes, to ruin 'em: and when I have done it, coming back to break my furnitur' up, like old crockery—just to get me into temper, and make me mar my christian deportment. That's what I call ingratitude, Ishmael."

"The very basest sort, sir," said Mr. Small, "caught in the wild state, caged, and marked on the peak of the den, 'This ere's the Monster!'"

"Providence is a wonderful thing, Ishmael," continued Fyler Close.

"Very much so!" answered Mr. Small, lifting his knavish grey eyes to a great spider on the wall, sitting in the middle of his web, where the light of a bright lamp shone from without, in waiting for a gold-spotted fly caught by the legs in a mesh.

"Now I suppose you followed old Hobbleshank providentially, down to his den—eh! Ishmael?" said Fyler, leering on Mr. Small. Ishmael replied in the affirmative.

"And no doubt you happened to put your head through the window and overhear what the old gentleman said. He wasn't very noisy, I hope."

"Not more than the Hen and Chickens in a storm!" answered Ishmael. "Why sir, he made a speech that

'ud have done honor to a United States Senator : and the two old women whimpered like a couple of water-spouts. A delightful speech, sir, and all about that boy again."

"Ha! ha!—and didn't he tell 'em how like a father I had been to him; and how I advised him not to bother his head about what was past and gone for good—and the old women, hadn't they something to say too, Ishmael?"

"Not much—the old story," answered Mr. Small, "about the old house, and the nurse, and all that sort o' thing."

"All in the dark as much as ever?" asked Fyler, pulling his whiskers with all his might, in order to throw an expression of great suffering into his countenance.

"I guess so; and old lunatic's wits are breaking under him, and won't carry him through the winter. That's better yet. Don't you think it is?"

"O no, by no means," responded Mr. Close. "We should always hope for the best. It would be a very painful thing—a very painful thing indeed, Ishmael, to have the worthy old gentleman go mad, out of mere ugliness and spite, because he can't find a boy that he thinks he's the father of. Don't you see that?"

"Very melancholy indeed," said Ishmael, who began to think remorsefully of the neglected cheer in the hall, "so much so that I don't feel equal to conversation on the subject. Won't you be good enough to excuse me?"

"Certainly—I have too much respect for your feelings. Go by all means, Ishmael, and the sooner you're abed, reflecting on the wilfulness of man and the mysterious ways and goings-on of Providence, the better for you! Good night; you'll be in bed at once I hope. Keep yourself nice and warm, Ishmael."

"I'll try sir," answered Mr. Small, artlessly, "Altho' it's a piercer out o' doors," and partly aside, "What a precious old man: a perfect martyr to his feelings."

The door was closed; the old man leaped up and dancing about the room, running forward every now and then to the window and staring into the open casements that furnished the free light to his chamber, rubbed his hands together with very glee.

Ishmael paused for a moment without, to look through a private crevice in the wall and enjoy the spectacle; then uncovered his steaks and pitcher, and taking them in his hand, bore them up stairs, and entered the

apartment immediately over Mr. Close. This was scarcely more than a loft at the very top of the house ; with beams and rafters cutting it crosswise and lengthwise in every direction ; which beams were garnished with a great number of suspended market-baskets ; coils of ancient iron hoops ; great pieces of tarred cable ; and here and there, bunches of rusted keys of all possible sizes ;—some perfect giants, suited for great warehouses, and others scarcely large enough for ladies' writing-desks. The room, poor and parti-furnished as it was, had an air of comfort from the circumstance of the walls being lined on every side, with coats, trowsers, vests, roundabouts, and cloaks, hung upon pins about, in great abundance and variety : and when Ishmael, stepping gently about the room, gathered together from corners and hiding-places, fragments of wood and shaving, heaped them in the chimney and lighted a fire that blazed and crackled up the flue, throwing out a wavering flame into the gloom of the apartment, it seemed as if the room swarmed with visitors, who stood shrouded in their various apparel against the wall, and only waited an invitation from Ishmael to come forward and make themselves merry over his fire.

When Ishmael saw how cheerily the fire sparkled on the hearth, he could not hold from laughing gently, and thinking of the old gentleman below stairs. Then he took down from the wall, an old rusted gridiron, planted it upon the coals, and spreading his steak upon the bars, watched the process that followed with an eager eye. In a few minutes it was finished to a turn, and while a pleasant savor steamed up and filled the garret with a grateful smell, Ishmael arrayed his cheer on a blue plate on a little mantel or shelf that overhung the hearth ; placed a small loaf (a perquisite from the baker) with a knife and fork at its side ; and drawing a well worn counting-house stool from a corner, vaulted upon it with an easy leap, and first perching his heels upon a round near the top, and placing the blue plate on his knee, entered with steady glee upon the business before him.

The meal was dispatched, as all meals are that are relished hugely ; and when it was fairly at an end, Ishmael jumped up, and standing for a minute on the very top of the stool, and raising his hand above him, he brought down from a beam a long clay pipe and a handful of well

dried tobacco ; bent down and lighted it with a coal ; and balancing his seat upon its hind legs, fell back against the wall, and watched the smoke complacently, as it was lost among the rafters.

All this process seemed to operate with a kindly influence upon Mr. Small, and as, from time to time, he removed the pipe from his lips, he discovered that he was in a fine narrative humor, and having no one to talk to, was driven, from the sheer necessity of the case, to talking to himself.

"That's not so bad," said Ishmael, glancing about at the various distenanted garments that filled the room, "four pence a day for trowsers, and sixpence for the use o' respectable men's coats with skirts : all for honest voters that goes to the polls in other people's clothes out o' respect to their memory. Nick Finch 's a capital 'lectioneerer, and dresses up his voters as pretty and natural as any man ever did ; but if Nick's friends only knew what dignified gentlemen had wore their coats and trowsers before 'em, they 'd carry their heads more like lords and commodores than franchise citizens. Here 's this nice suit of crow-black," pursued Mr. Small, turning about and fixing his eye upon the garments in question. "There was 'nt a nicer parson in the whole hundred and forty pulpits, than that gentleman afore he took to private drinks, and began to borry money of uncle Close on his gilt-edge prayer books and great Bibles out o' the pulpit. He used to look quite spruce and fine, I can tell you, when he first come here ; then his beard began to stubble out ; then his boots was foxy ; and then he 'd come with his hat knocked in, and his pockets full of small stones, which he tried to pass off on the old 'un for change. When he got to that, uncle Close had him took up by the police for a deranged vagrant : and that was the last of you, old fellow !"

"Volunteer firemen is queer chaps !" continued Ishmael, casting his eyes upon a shaggy white overcoat with enormous pearl buttons. "Bully Simmons was one of the primest : and 'ud play a whole orchestra on a fire-trumpet, on the way to a one-story conflagration. But fires was too much for him—they come on too thick and shiny on wet nights ! First, Bully lost his appetite, and then he sold out all his red shirts ; then he lost the use o' his legs, and could 'nt travel a ladder, with a pipe in his

hand ; and that made him part with his best figured hoists, every one of 'em ; and, one night, Bully tried his voice agin a norwester that was howling among the flames of a big factory, and when he found himself beaten out, he stood at the back of old forty and shed tears into an engin' bucket like rain ; stopped at the old gentleman's on his way home and sold out his fire-hat, his belts, his boots, and that great rough jacket, for a song ; borrowed a coal-heaver's shirt to go home in, and turned agin' engines for life ! Bully 's a very moral man, they say, now, and takes in the tracts by handfuls every time they come round, for shavin' paper !"

As Ishmael sate perched upon his stool, framing, in this way, a memoir of each boot, vest, and overcoat, or meditating the course of the next day's business, a humble tap was given at the door, the door slowly opened, and a forlorn-looking personage, in a shabby hat, covered with dust, as was also his whole person, from crown to boot, and having under his arm a small parcel, came in. Advancing timidly, removing his hat and standing before Ishmael —while he looked piteously in his face, he accosted him.

"Please, sir," said the stranger, "Is there no corner of a bed a poor traveller might have ! with a morsel to keep down the famine of a long day's march ?"

To this appeal Mr. Small made no answer, but, reclining against the wall, assumed to fall into a profound slumber.

"Do for heaven's sake, hear me !" continued the stranger. "Wake, and hear me ! I have come from burying an only child, in the country, and have neither crust nor couch to keep off the cold and hunger this night."

"Hallo ! What's all this ?" cried Ishmael, feigning at that moment to waken from his sleep. "Who's here ? Thieves ! Thieves ! Do you mean to murder us in cold blood ?"

The poor stranger stood shivering before him, with his hat crushed in his hand.

"There are no thieves here," said the stranger, as soon as he could be heard. "No man's life to be taken but mine, from sheer lack of food !"

"Oh, you 're a beggar, are you ?" said Ishmael, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles. "Why didnt you stop below, at the old man's ? He would have helped you, I'm quite sure."

"So he would—so he would, sir," said the traveller, "but he's poor too; poorer than I. His health was broken, he told me; he's cut off from all his religious comforts; and sits watching there, in that cold room, the pleasure of Providence. He's a nice, a worthy old man; that I judged by what he said. He referred me to you: there was a benevolent young gentleman up stairs, he said, that would do anything I asked."

"He did, eh? And so you come to me," said Ishmael, smiling mildly upon the stranger. "Lodgin' in a garret, an old clothes cem-e-tery; as if I had a scrap to spare. You're a wag: I know you are: but you should 'nt play off your humor on poor lads that lives in the roof. Oh, no—it wo 'nt do—and just, by way of apology for your rudeness, be good enough to give my compliments to the first watchman—you know what watchmans are, I guess—you meet at the door. Tell him to lend you his over-coat—he's sure to do it—borry his rattle for a cane; rattles makes first-rate walking-sticks, and waddle home as fast as you can! Good night, turnip-patch!"

The poor stranger dropped his head, and, without murmur or answer, went away.

Mr. Small now felt that he was wrought to as comfortable a state, intellectually and physically, as was attainable by such a gentleman as himself: and turned his eye bedward. Casting his coat off, and dexterously jerking a boot from either leg as he stood, into a remote corner, he pulled down from their pegs, every one of them, all the coats, vests, and other garments in the apartment, into a heap upon his truckle bed, and creeping under the same, his knavish grey eyes, alone, peering out from under the mass, he fell into a tranquil sleep.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### PUFFER HOPKINS ENCOUNTERS HOBBLESHANK AGAIN.

There could be no doubt—apart from what had occurred to Mr. Small—that a general election was close at hand; and that the City was rapidly falling into a relapse of its

annual fever. The walls and stable-doors broke out all over with great placards and huge blotches of declamation; an erisypelas of liberty-temples and muscular fists clenched upon hammers, appeared upon the forehead of the pumps; the air swarmed as with forerunners of a plague, with ominous flags streaked from end to end with a red and white and spotted inflammation; journeyman patriots and self-sacrificing office-seekers began to shout and vociferate as in a delirium; in a word, unless the customary blood-letting incident to a charter contest afforded relief, the patient was in a fair way of going stark mad, and losing the humble share of sense with which it looks after its washing and ironing, and provides for its butchers and bakers' dues during the rest of the year. It could scarcely be expected that Puffer Hopkins should escape the general endemic; on the contrary, it being his first season, the symptoms were in him extremely violent, and furious. From morning till night he sate at his desk like one spell-bound, fabricating resolutions, preambles, and reports of retiring committees, by the gross; or starting up every now and then and stalking the room vehemently, and then returning and committing the emphatic thoughts that had occurred to him in his hurried travel, to the record before him; varying this employment with speeches without number, delivered in all possible attitudes to imaginary audiences of every temper, complexion and constitution.

Sometimes he had very distinctly before him, in his mind's eye, an assemblage where the carting interest prevailed, and where the reduction of Corporation-cartmen's wages, for instance, might be undergoing an examination.

"Gentlemen," said Puffer, to the prospective audience, "Gentlemen, I put it to you whether twenty cents a load will pay a cartman and a cartman's horse? Gentlemen, I see a prospect before me for any man that undertakes to work for such prices. In six month he is a pauper, his children's paupers, his horse's a pauper, and what's better, walks up and down the Avenue, where he's turned out to die, like the apparition of a respectable dirtman's horse that had been: meeting the Aldermen as they ride out in their jaunts, and rebuking 'em to the face for their niggardly parsimony. Hasn't a cartman, a dirt-cartman, rights,

I'd like to know? Hasn't he a soul; and why should he submit to this inhuman system: why should the sweat of the poor man's brow be wrung out to fertilize the soil of the rich man's field?" (Imaginary cheers, beginning in a gentle "G' up," and ending in an earthquake hurrah!)

Then his audience consisted of a great number of individuals, who from their being clad in nice broadcloth coats, and always having their beards closely trimmed, are supposed to be gentlemen and Christians.

"Fellow citizens!" cried Mr. Hopkins, "We all see what they're driving at;" alluding to the other party, of course; "They're at work undermining the pillars of society. That's what they would have! Not a man of 'em but would plant a keg of powder under every pulpit, on Sunday morning, and blow all our respected clergy to heeven in a twinkling. They're infidels and agrarians, fellow-citizens, and when they'd done that, they'd let the pews out for apple-stands, and fall straightway to eating soup out of the contribution plates. If you don't beat 'em at the next election, if you don't rouse yourselves in your strength and overwhelm these monsters and Jacobins, I despair of my country. I despair of mankind; and you'll have a herd of vipers saddled on you next year for a corporation!"

Abandoning this disagreeable region, Puffer relieved himself by the fiction of a room full of stout, rosy, comfortable looking gentlemen, who groaned in spirit under a great burthen of city charges, and whose constant saying it was, that they, figuratively only, were eaten up with taxes.

"The city aldermen, the common council of this mighty metropolis," said Puffer, "is nothing but a corporation of boa-constrictors; a board of greedy anacondas, that swallow lot after lot, house upon house, of the free-holders, as if they were so many brick-and-mortar sandwiches. Commissioners of street-opening run the plough through a man's sleeping-room of a morning before he's out of bed; and clap a set of rollers under his dwelling and tumble it into the river, as if it were so much old lumber. Will you submit to this? Never! The spirits of your forefathers protest against it; your posterity implore you to snatch their bread, their very subsistence, from the

maw of these gigantic wolves in pacific apparel! The little children in their cradle raise their hands and ask you to save *them* from ruin!"

It is impossible to conjecture to what regions of rhetoric and simile-land the imagination of Puffer Hopkins might have conveyed him, now that he was fairly on the wing; for at this moment, and in the very midst of these pleasant fables and suppositions, Puffer received by the hand of a messenger, a notice from the chief or executive committee, directing him to proceed forthwith to the house of Mr. Nicholas Finch, an electioneering agent, and secure his services. Now Puffer had heard of Nick Finch, as he was familiarly entitled, before; believed him to be as thorough-going, limber-tongued and supple-jointed fellow as could be found in the county; and therefore relished not a little the honor of effecting a negociation for his distinguished talent. Without delay he hurried forth; rousing by the way the messenger, who being a fellow besotted by drink and stupified with much political talk, in tap-rooms and elsewhere, had halted in one of the landings, and there, retiring, penitentially, to a corner, had gone off into a profound and melodious slumber. Performing this agreeable duty, and lending the gentleman an arm to the street, Puffer proceeded to the quarters where he understood Mr. Finch held his lair. He soon approached the precinct, but not knowing it by number, he put the question to one of a group lads playing at toys against a fence side. A dozen started up at once to answer.

"Nick Finch!—Nick Finch, sir,—over here, sir,—this way, through the alley!" And word having passed along that a gentleman was in quest of Mr. Finch, Puffer was telegraphed along from window to window, area to area, until he was left at the foot of an alley, by an old woman who had galloped at his side for several rods, who shouted in his ear, "Up there, sir, up there!" and hobbled away again. Left to himself, Puffer entered by a gate, and making cautious progress along a boarded lane, arrived in front of a row of common houses, to which access was obtained by aid of outside steps fastened against the buildings. Ascending the first that offered, he rapped inquiringly at the door, was hailed from within by a decisive voice, and marched in. The apartment he had invaded was an oblong room, with a sanded floor, a desk

on a raised platform at the farthest extremity, a full length George Washington in perfect white standing in one corner, and a full length Hamilton, bronzed, in the opposite ; against the wall, and over a fire-place in which a pile of wood was crackling and blazing, was fastened the declaration of Independence, with all those interesting specimens of hand-writing of the fifty-two signers, done in lithograph ; and across a single window that lighted the room, where he had entered, was stretched a half American flag, cut athwart, directly through all the stars, and suspended by a tape.

The owner of the voice, a short, thick-set man, with a half-mown beard, a hard, firm countenance, and appalled in a cart-frock, stood in the middle of the apartment, and before him, ranged on a bench, sate a dozen or so ill-dressed fellows, whose countenances were fixed steadily fixed on his.

"Come in, sir—come in," said the thick-set man. "Don't hesitate—these are only a few friends, that are spending a little time with me : paying me a sociable visit of a day or two, that's all." It occurred to Puffer that if these fellows were actually visitors of the gentleman in the cart-frock, that he had decidedly the most select circle of acquaintance of any one he could mention.

"I'm glad you've come, sir," continued the electioneerer. "I've been expecting you some days."

"Then you know me ?" said Puffer.

"Of course I do," answered the other. "Allow me to introduce you to my friends. Gentlemen, (turning to the line of ragged gentry on the bench) Puffer Hopkins, Esq., of the Opposition Committee. Rise, if you please, and give him a bow !"

The ragged gentry did as they were bid : and straightway sate down again, as if the unusual exertion of a salutation had entirely exhausted them.

"I am afraid I interrupt business," said Puffer. "You seemed engaged when I came in."

"I was," answered the electioneer, "and you entered just in the nick of time to aid me. You must act as an inspector of election ; you have a good person, a clear full voice, and will judge my voters tenderly. Take this chair, if you please !" Saying this, he at once inducted Puffer in a seat behind the desk on the raised plat-

form, placed before him a green box, and proceeded to distribute among the gentlemen on the bench, a number of small papers curiously folded, which they received with a knowing smile.

"Now, gentlemen, go up as I give the signal," said Mr. Finch. "Mr. Peter Foil, will you have the goodness to deposite your ballot?"

At this, one of the company who had found his way, by some mysterious dispensation, into a faded suit of black—it was the broken-down parson's—but whose hair was, nevertheless, uncombed, and his hat in very reduced circumstances, shambled across the floor, and made a show of inserting a vote in the green box before Puffer Hopkins.

"That will never do, sir," said the electioneerer rather sternly, as he was crossing back again. "You shuffled up to the counter as if you were shoaling through the market, according to your well-known habits, stealing pigs' feet of the butchers to make broth of: and when you attempted to give the inspector your ticket, any one could have sworn you had been a fish-vender's secretary, thrusting your hand in a basket to pull out a flounder or a bunch of eels. Try it again."

Mr. Foil renewed the attempt: this time with greater success.

"That's better," said Mr. Finch, encouragingly, "worthier the respectable man whose clothes you've got on: more of the air of a civilized being. Now, Mr. Runlet."

At this, a heavy built personage proceeded to perform his duty as a franchise citizen; but in so cumbrous a gait and with so weak an eye to the keeping and symmetry of his part, as to call down a severe rebuke from Mr. Finch.

"You pitch about, as if you were on your own ploughed land at Croton, and not down here earning handsome wages on the pavement for doing freeman's service. You must walk more level, and not up and down like a scart buffalo: carry your arms at your side, and don't swing them akimbo, like a pair of crooked scythe-sneaths, You'll do better with your dinner to steady you!"

After Mr. Runlet, a third was summoned, who wore the garments of the volunteer fireman; but was condemned as failing most lamentably in his swagger, and

missing to speak out of a corner of his mouth, as if he carried a cigar in the other. After several trials, he amended his performance, and succeeded at last in bullying the inspector with a grace, and getting his vote in by sheer force of impudence.

Another was called, who, springing up with great alacrity, endued, in a pair of stout corduroys, with a shirt of red flannel, rolled back upon his arms over one of white : a great brawny fellow, pitched about from one quarter of the room to another, putting it into imaginary antagonists with all his might ; at one time, knocking one on the head with his broad hand, then teasing another's shins with a sideway motion of the leg, and discomfiting a third with a recoil of a bony elbow ; to the unqualified satisfaction and delight of Mr. Finch and all lookers-on : and then retiring to his seat, apparently exhausted and worn out with his savage sport.

About half the company had been drilled and exercised in this manner, when a door was suddenly thrown open at the lower end of the apartment ; a shrewish face thrust in, and a shrill voice appertaining thereto called out that dinner was ready, and had better be eaten while it was hot. Puffer Hopkins caught sight of a table spread in a room that was entered by a descending step or two : the voters in rehearsal started to their feet, and cast longing eyes towards the paradise thus opened to their view ; and before Mr. Finch could give order one way or the other, they had broken all bounds, and rushed down, like so many harpies, on the banquet spread below.

" If my eyes are not glandered," cried Mr. Finch, as soon as they were gone, " this is capital sport. Dang me, Mr. Hopkins, if I would 'nt rather drive a tandem through a china-shop, than manage these fellows. I've polished 'em a little, you see : but they're too thick on the wall yet, they daub and plaster, and do 'nt hard-finish up. You'd like to have 'em for a day or two, would 'nt you ? "

Puffer, descending from the inspector's seat, which he had filled during the rehearsal, with all the gravity he could command, and, complimenting Mr. Finch upon the show of his men, admitted that he would ; and that he was there on that very business.

" There is'nt a better troop in town, tho' I say it," pur-

sued the agent, "a little rough, but there's capital stuff there. I don't flatter when I assert that Nick Finch gets up finer and sturdier rioters than any man in town : only look at that chap in the red shirt—he 's a giant, a perfect Nilghau with horns, in a crowd."

Puffer answered that he thought that proposition could 'nt be safely denied.

"Perhaps my sailors, an't got the salt water roll exactly : but they'll pass pretty well I reckon for East River boatmen, and Hellgate pilots, and that's full as good ; you want twelve men for three days' work, in how many wards ?"

"The whole seventeen if you please :" answered Puffer. "I'm afraid to try 'em in so many ;" continued Mr. Finch. "You might have 'em for five river wards, and one out o' town : and the volunteer Fireman, (he's first rate when he's warm'd with a toddy,) for any number. Terms, twenty-five dollars per diem, as they say in Congress."

"It's a bargain, sir"—said Puffer, seizing the virtuous gentleman by the hand. "You'll bring them up yourself?"

"I will—you may depend on it : you're a lucky man—the other side offered me twenty, and as much oats as my horse could eat in a week ; but it wouldn't do."

With this understanding, Puffer left ; the agent crying after him to call in on Monday week, when they would be finally broken in—"You make a capital inspector ; all you want is age and silver spectacles to make you as respectable a rogue as ever sat behind a green box!"

Breathing the word "mum" in an under tone, and shaking his head in reproof at the hardihood of the agent Puffer descended into the yard.

He had reached the ground, and was turning to leave the place, when he discovered moving across the extremity of the yard and passing into a house many degrees poorer than the agent's, a figure bent with years ; he walked with a slow shuffling gait, and pausing often, wrung his hands and looked keenly into the earth, as if all his hopes lay buried there. Puffer knew not whether to advance and greet the old man, as his heart prompted, or to withdraw ; when he raised his head as if he knew the footstep that was near, and discovering Puffer Hopkins, started from the dotage of his walk and manner,

hastened across the ground, and while his face brightened at every pace he hailed him from the distance.

"God bless you,—God bless you, my boy!" cried Hobbleshank. "Where have you tarried so long? You have not forgotten the old man so soon, eh? If you knew how often I had thought of you; you would have paid me but fair interest on my thoughts to have called at the old man's lodgings, and asked how the world, a very wilful and wicked one, had gone with him? Am I right?"

"You are—you are," answered Puffer, who could not fail to be touched by the kindly eagerness of the old man. "I have abused your goodness, and was repenting of my folly but this morning—I meant to call." "You did!" said the old man quickly. "Well never mind that—but come with me."

With this they entered a low building, the roof of which was moss-grown, and hung over like a great eye-brow, and the door sustained by a single hinge, stood ever askew, allowing snow, tempest and hail to beat in and keep a perpetual Lapland through the hall. Opening the first door, they entered a square room, cold, bare and desolate-looking, with no soul apparently present.

"How is this?" said Hobbleshank. "I thought Peter Hibbard dwelt here."

"So he does!" answered a broken voice from the corner of the apartment. "Peter Hibbard's body lodges here. Heaven save his soul—that may be wandering in some other world."

"Are you Peter Hibbard?" asked Hobbleshank, approaching the bed-side where the speaker lay.

"Peter Hibbard am I," he answered, "as far as I can know: though I sometimes think Peter—one Peter—died better than a score of years ago. When a man's soul is killed and his heart frost-stricken—then he's dead, isn't he?"

"He should be!" answered Hobbleshank. "But Heaven isn't always so kind. Sometimes the body's dead, and the soul all alive, like a fire—driving the poor shattered body to and fro, on thankless tasks and errands that end in despair: that's worse."

"There's no despair for me!" pursued Peter, disclosing a lean haggard face, and leering at Hobbleshank from under the blanket. "There's nothing troubles me; I've got no soul."

"Where's your wife, Peter?" asked the old man.

"I've got none," answered the other, "No wife, nor child, nor grand-child, boy nor girl, nor uncle, aunt, sister, brother or neighbor: I and these four walls keep house here."

"But where are your old friends?" continued Hobbleshank.

"Ah! my old friends—there you are—are you? oh, ho! There was Phil Sherrod—he died in his bed—of an inflamed liver; Phil died finely, they say, singing Old Hundred. Don't believe it: he yielded the ghost choking the parson with his bands. Parker Lent, at sea; Bill Green, in jail for a stolen horse; it was St. John's pale horse, they say; Charlotte Slocum, she married a Long Island milkman and was drowned. There was another," continued the bed-ridden man, rising in his couch and pressing his hand upon his brow—and peering from under it toward Hobbleshank and Puffer "another."

"Yes—what of her?" asked Hobbleshank quickly.

"What of her?" he replied, "Are you sure it was a woman? Yes, by Heaven, it was—it was; a rosy buxom girl, but never Peter Hibbard's wife—why not?"

With this question he fell back and lay with his eyes wide open and glaring; but still and motionless as a stone.

"Why not?" said the bed-ridden man waking suddenly from his trance of silence, "Why should Sim Lettuce win where I lost? That was a flaming carbuncle on Sim's nose, and many's the laugh Hetty and I have had thinking of it; and yet she married him spite of it."

"And Sim died—what then?" asked Hobbleshank, watching the countenance of him he questioned with painful earnestness. "What then, my good sir, what then?"

"Let me see—Sim died; the carbuncle struck in and turned to a St. Anthony's fire, and carried him off: Hetty turned nurse. Did you know that? Nurse to a lovely lady; she died too one day. Hetty went off—I followed her."

"Yes, yes, you followed her," repeated Hobbleshank, anxious to keep the wandering wits of the sick man to the subject, "Go on."

"I followed her—did'nt I say so! On my honor, red-nosed Sim's widow would not have me, eh! eh! not she. Off she slipped, to keep a garden in an out of the way place, I can tell you. Peter Hib-

bard watched her many a year; but she never would be Mrs. Hibbard, and here I lie this day, without a wife, or child; chick nor grandchild, boy nor girl, nor uncle, aunt, sister, brother or neighbor. We have a merry time, these four walls and I."

It was in vain that Hobbleshank attempted again and again and by various devices, to bring back his mind to a narrative humor; he kept reciting the incidents of his hopelessness and desolation, and after a while fell into a wild jumble, where every thing pointless and trivial was huddled together; and then he declined into a senseless torpor, where he lay dumb to every speech and entreaty of the old man.

Leaving him in this mood, Hobbleshank and Puffer turned away from his bedside, and sending in a neighbor that had stood watching at the door—for on such chance aid the bed-ridden man trusted solely for life—to minister to his wants, they escaped swiftly from the place. In perfect silence they walked through street after street together, until they reached a corner where their way separated.

"All is lost—all is lost!" said Hobbleshank grasping Puffer Hopkins by the hand, as tears flowed into his eyes; and parting without a further word, in gloom and silence, each took his way.

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#### DEATH BY HANGING.

ON a fair morning, one of the finest of the season, while, though it was December, the sun shed a kindly lustre upon house and field, and made cheerful spots of light in alleys and bye streets; while childhood sported in the air, grim winter relaxing and yielding something of rigor to the warmth of the hour; while men of business set forth with eagerness, and no longer confined to heated stores, hustled about, crossing one another with their plans and speculations, in the open day; when Broadway at highest noon put on its glare of fashion, and rich and beautiful women disdained their carriages to enjoy the warmth and animation of brilliant

faces on the pavement ; on such a day, within sound of that very highway, in the little court-yard of the city prison, with some of the dignified forms of law, and in the presence of a minister of religion, a human being was calmly, deliberately taken, clutched by the hand of an executioner, choked and suffocated by human fingers, and what but one moment was a man made in the likeness of God, the next was packed in a coffin and borne out among the living, and carried away in a hearse, a dis-honored carcass. This, we place it solemnly upon record, for we trust it is one of the last of the executions in the state of New-York, and that it is in this way worthy matter of history, was the act of the law on the eighth day of December, eighteen hundred and forty-one, and it might be mentioned for the benefit of the curious, that the next day was in like manner solemnly appointed by the Governor as a day of Thanksgiving and rejoicing to the Parent of All.

The impression this event made upon the community was a very different one from that excited formerly by similar acts. There was a time once when punishment by death seemed to be regarded as a matter of course, the unquestioned, undisputed finale of the law, and perhaps in those days when civilization was so far imperfect, this summary dispensation of justice may have had its advantages. When men were not educated, in a dull sluggish state, the argument of the gallows might be necessary to enforce conviction on offenders, and present a vivid idea of right and wrong—just as the same class of people who would be influenced by an execution, before they could be religious or devout, found it necessary to be very superstitious, and believe in the actual, personal, sometimes visible presence of the devil. It was a state of intellectual and moral barbarism : to believe in a good spirit, a God of love and kindness, savages require to be supported in their consciousness by the idea of one equally bad. When men were honored by externals, and it was taught that kings and nobles were the vicegerents of heaven by divine right ; the coarse imaginations of the vulgar were gratified by a sight at the other extremity of the social system, and the prince of darkness was enthroned on the gallows.

Hanging is a remnant of barbarity, one of the last

tottering relics of the state handed down to us from the days of feudalism. In countries boasting to be governed by laws, men have been burnt at the stake, curious tortures have been invented to stimulate the conscience to confession : iron boots with screws, collars with spikes for the neck, heavy weights to be piled upon the body, the insufferable agonies of the wheel, the creaking and rattling of bones and chains upon gibbets, the quartering of traitors have been among the refined instruments of justice. Of these the very names of many have entirely perished : it requires some pains and laborious antiquarian research to find out how ingeniously human limbs were tortured, and what cunning arts there have been to drive the vexed and harrassed spirit of life from the bodies of traitors and malefactors. Countless inhuman tortures have perished and are forgotten ; one, among the oldest and vilest of them, remains to this day. When a small band of righteous men first crossed the ocean to found this nation, they left behind them in the old world, many iniquities of legislation and government that have never been seen or heard of on this soil : they would have added another to those bonds of gratitude by which we are endeared to them, had they in some solemn act, asserted in a memorable manner never to be forgotten, the dignity of human life, and renounced the punishment by death.

It is the chief triumph of modern civilization, one of the few infallible proofs that there is in the history of the world, a sure progress from evil to goodness ; that as education has been extended, governments have grown milder in the exercise of power, and the punishment of crime less and less inhuman. The *sanctity of human life* is the leading idea of civilization whether we regard in the public relations of the state, the support of peace instead of war, or look to its adaptation to the physical wants, the preservation of the existence of an individual. There is hardly a condition of social welfare which does not touch upon this sacred obligation. Justice between man and man, the duty of moderation in the rule of the passions, the mutual affections, the love of the husband and wife, of the parent and child ; the law which forbids duelling, the fear of the conscience which shudders at suicide ; the wisdom of statesmen and rulers who shun war as the curse of a state, all look to the worth of a single man's life. It is no answer to the charge of the

violation of life, upon the state, to say it is the penalty of murder, the punishment of the very sacrifice we would avoid ; there have been two murders committed instead of one ; one by the victim, the other by the state.

No one we presume, can doubt of the value of life ; the law itself in the very act of execution admits it, for the culprit is always attended by a clergyman who is to prepare the soul for its untimely departure. But what if the soul is not prepared ? The man is cut off the same and if we are to believe aught of what is taught us on Sundays from pulpits, what has the sanction of the very law, this impenitent soul must perish eternally.

There is no apology for the crime of murder ; we would not vindicate it ; but common humanity teaches us the murderer has a capacity for improvement. His soul may be no blacker than that of the judge, with his genteeler vices, who pronounces sentence upon him. He is still a man. He has forfeited his property, his liberty, all secondary privileges to the State ; he should not walk abroad lest he should injure another again ; he should be imprisoned and condemned to labor, and be punished, that others may be deterred from crime by his suffering ; but he should not die till the Great Disposer of life and death calls him as a sentinel from his post. Discipline, the end of our being on earth, may be attained in a prison, not less than in a palace. The soul may grow wiser and better in a jail. The means of the law should be REMEDIAL, NOT VINDICTIVE.

We fear there is yet lurking among the public, something of the old prejudice upon this subject ; the idea that punishment is a satisfaction, an expiation of the law. The law, it is said, must be satisfied in the same spirit in which the ancient Druids prepared a huge wicker image of a man, filled it with sacrifices to their god, and burnt it with the victims. The idol was to be satisfied. What satisfaction can there be for the law ? Guilt is not removed from the soul of a man by hanging him. Repentance, a personal, spontaneous act in the man himself, is the only expiation. All that the law, representing the safety of the State, expressed in legislative acts, can ask, is, that the offender never do the like again ; that by his reform he set an example to others of self improvement, that his punishment be a warning to the wicked.

Let this not be denounced as impracticable, that the punishment and improvement of offenders cannot proceed together, that no penalty, by its *certainty*, can so effectually act upon men's fears in the undertaking of crime, as the penalty of death. In one sense, it is the most certain of penalties; for it is an act that admits of no recall, however unjustly done. In the actual state of the case, it is the most uncertain of all punishments; for it is a very difficult thing, in the present state of opinion, to find a jury of twelve men who will condemn even the openly guilty to this disgusting punishment. They are right; their private opinion is only a part of public opinion, and public opinion will soon express itself in a different law, that will not offend the enlightened conscience of jurors.

The so-called religious argument is yet with many an obstacle to entertaining more enlightened views of the nature of punishment. By some it is actually urged that we are commanded in scripture to shed the blood of the murderer. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. This is interpreted into a command. A little examination will shew that this is an unfair interpretation, and that the text, as it stands, is consistent with, nay, asserts the law of sound judgment and enlightened humanity. In a paper written by James Simpson, the author of the work on Education, a man of practical benevolence and great intelligence, the question appears, to us at least, fairly set at rest. According to Grotius, he says, this oft quoted passage is to be held predictive rather than judicial. It says not to man, slay thy brother who kills his fellow; but it points out to the few members of the human race, at that period when life was especially valuable, the consequences of such an act. It pronounces murder a great crime, foretells the evil passions that will be excited, and the danger to the life of the guilty. Thus upon Cain, the first murderer, a mark was solemnly put; not that he should be slain, but warning all men *not* to kill him. In the marginal reference in Ostervald's Bible, at this text, there is an allusion made to Matthew xxvi. 52, "*for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.*" It asserts the folly, the probable consequences of crime. Again, it is urged by Grotius, to whom was the command, if any, given? To man; but assuredly not to *every* man, for this would violate all law by making any

man, at will, an executioner; it does not appear to have been dictated to a magistrate, for it is not so stated; and there was then, when the population of the world numbered only the single family of Noah, no magistrate on the earth. Now mark what goes before and after this text, a solemn assertion of the sacredness of human life under all circumstances. “At the hand of *every* man’s brother will I require the life of man. . . . for in the image of God made he man.” Here the penalty is pronounced upon all, every man, murderer, or legislator, and that terrible punishment which is to follow the taking of life so solemnly asserted, is reserved for God alone—*will I require the life of man.* Thus driven from his fancied stronghold in the Noahic dispensation, the advocate for capital punishment cannot argue from the subsequent Levitical Law, for that law was abrogated by the New Testament; and the language of the New Testament is that of love, mercy, humanity. As it is expressed by Mr. Simpson, to whom we are indebted for this argument, the law of Christianity is written in that beautiful sentence of the Liturgy of the Church of England, “God desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live.”

If not by divine laws, certainly not by motives of human policy is this punishment to be enforced. It is cruel to the murderer; it is a bad example to society; for it is the result of investigation, that one public execution makes many murders. There is a false excitement thrown around the gallows, which lends something of the glory of a hero to the coarsest villain; the scene, whether witnessed by crowds or reported to men singly in conversation, or the newspaper, excites the passions; unfeeling jests or desperation harden the character, and the gibbet is regarded as a single unlucky throw in the game of life. A man can be hanged but once, says the villain, and it is all over. Let a sound system of prison discipline, worthy the care and invention of lawgivers, be substituted for this easy trick, this simple cutting the Gordian knot of crime and misery. Let the State, in its punishments, be at least manly, and show that wisdom can find out something more honorable for the criminal and itself than the fate bestowed upon noisome animals and noxious vermin. A man of humanity will not hang even a dog.

D.

## A LITTLE GREEN ISLE.

BY LOUIS L. NOBLE.

A little green isle in a lonely lake  
 There is in the cool Northwest ;  
 O, the loveliest isle in the month of May !  
 There the wild birds sleep, and the wild birds wake,  
 To flutter and sing, as the breezes shake  
 Their young in each moss-built nest :  
 O, that lone little isle !  
 How I loved it the while,  
 I was wild and as merry as they !

The flowers are bright in the velvety grass,  
 And brighter around the springs :  
 O, sweetest flowers of the month of May !  
 As over the waters, as clear as glass,  
 The snowy swan and her younglings pass,  
 Her bugle-horn tune she sings :  
 O, that bright little isle !  
 How I loved it the while  
 I was tuneful and roving as they !

A rocking canoe, of the white-wood tree,  
 I had in that pleasant lake ;  
 A leaf-like bark for the month of May !  
 Where the running pine and the roses be,  
 My sisters paddled along with me,  
 Our coronals gay to make :  
 O, that dear little isle !  
 How I loved it the while  
 I was young and light-hearted as they !

O, little lone isle of the silent lake,  
 Far off in the cool Northwest,  
 My spirit is thine in the month of May !  
 Thou art beautiful yet, though billows break  
 O'er my light canoe, and the willows shake  
 Their locks where the lovely rest :  
 O, thou sweet blessed isle !  
 I will cherish thee while  
 There are tears for such dear ones as they.

## THE MORALITY OF POVERTY.

**P**OVERTY is a comparative term. Between the extremities of pauperism and that moderate competence, which the wealthy speak of with contempt, as a poor pittance, and which is certainly trifling in comparison with their "unsunn'd heaps," the interval is very wide. The condition of the very poor we do not take into consideration, at present, as the main topic of our inquiry, though we shall by no means omit to speak of them in turn; but we shall endeavor to present a picture of simplicity and moderation in living, and the advantages of a sufficient competence (paradoxical as it may be thought) over an overgrown and superfluous income.

Poverty has many significations, with a wide range, embracing the pauper and the poor gentleman, aye, and the poor noble, in some countries. Kings even have been beggars, and have subsisted on casual bounty. The millionaire thinks all men poor, who are not possessed of equal wealth with himself; while the day laborer regards the small trader and master mechanic as rich men. In towns, one standard of wealth prevails; in the country it is much lower. Thus we find an ever varying measure of the goods of fortune. Of a nobler species of wealth, it is not so difficult to ascertain the true value. An excellent book is yet to be written for the rich, which should inform them of their duties towards their poorer neighbors; which should resolve the claims the poor have upon them, from the claims of nature, as well as from conventional position; which should confirm them in habits of benevolence and in the practice of "assisting the brethren." By assistance, we refer not merely to alms-giving, that being regarded as a fundamental part of charity. But we also include under that phrase, the giving of wise and disinterested counsel: defending from oppression and slander: persuading to the practice of right and justice: warning from evil, by instilling good principles and generous sentiments: and in the comprehensive language of Scripture, loving our neighbor as ourself, and consequently acting for him as if for ourself. Higher charity than this, is none: a charity the richest may be too poor to be-

stow ; a charity the poorest may prove rich in dispensing. If love abounded, what a rich world would not this planet become ! If man was to man a brother and a friend, (at the same time increasing the world's gear not a copper, and neither introducing any fantastical schemes of agrarian equality,) in all the relations of life and family, as master and servant, father and son, brother and companion, artist and artizan, in sickness and in health, at home or abroad, there could be no poverty, no disappointment, and none but natural sorrows. For though many sources of grief would still continue fresh and open, as sickness, death, loss of friends and family, and failure in favorite plans of life and action, yet they would be so mitigated by an universal tenderness, and so ~~suffered~~ by a <sup>softened</sup> general sympathy, as to lose half their sharpness in losing all their repulsive features. No disappointments could then occur, because sincerity and plain dealing would take the place of falseness and deceit. None but a self tormentor could then be unhappy, where all would become companions in good and evil seasons, and through every changing round of fortune's wheel. But this is an ideal not soon to be recognized.

A man without a penny has yet what all the wealth in the world cannot purchase—the human form and the human nature. With these, if he has health and resolution, he may become anything, except what can be reached only by innate genius or a higher order of mental gifts than his own. Give him education, you make him a scholar ; breeding, you train him a gentleman ; religion and morality, and you fill him with the sentiments of a Christian. Let no one say, the poor scholar or the poor gentleman is hurt by his education and manners. Pride often distorts those characters, but they ought to be above pride. A cultivated mind, so far from being trammelled by a narrow income, flies beyond it, and taste the quality of the fine intellect is a faculty of selection. The wisest economy is the nicest taste. Profusion is tasteless. A man of fine judgment and small income will actually live in a more genteel style, than a rich, coarse minded nabob. He may have fewer articles of expense, but they will be choice and delicate. His style of living will be frugal, yet elegant ; which is more pleasing than extravagance without judgment. A genteel taste in living, eschews extravagance, pomp, and all superfluity, as essen-

tially vulgar. There is not a more pitiful sight than a mean spirited man in a splendid house. His soul is too small for it. On the other hand, the great heart cannot be contained within the most magnificent palace, and yet, may content itself in the most humble mansion. The great and good poor man in his modest and retired parlor, affords a nobler spectacle than a king or a pyramid.

Riches too often excite absurdity of conduct : the giver of the gorgeous feast gets only a rich harvest of ridicule for his pains and anxiety. The master of an immense establishment is little better than the landlord of a great hotel. Guests enter and depart : he is pushed aside as a stranger and in the way. All this while, his personal gratifications are limited. The poor soul ! he lives for others, his wealth is for others. He is nobody himself—but go to the house where the man is greater than the mansion, and you forget the bare walls unhung with admirable paintings, for his face and the countenances of a loving circle are the finest portraits in the world ; you tread on a carpet without reflecting it is no Brussels pattern, and you sit easily on a chair that has no satin cushions for the indolent parvenus of fashion. If a man is not rich, how much he avoids : from how many petty distractions is he not free. Plutus is even a severer master than Necessity.

In point of respectability the difference is great. Hardly without an exception, the ancient families of this country, the descendants of the statesmen, and lawyers, and heroes, of the revolution, (our only real aristocracy,) are poor. The rich class are, in the great majority of cases, sprung originally from the lowest class, who have acquired wealth by cunning and ~~pernicious~~ habits ; without education, without sentiment ; governed by no laws of courtesy, subservient to no dictates of the Spiritual Philosophy ; coarse-minded and coarse-mannered, but clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. With such as these, poverty of spirit and want of pelf are synonymous terms. The poor rich man and the rich poor man are the most perplexing problems.

Authors and professed scholars, excluded as in great measure they are from amassing a fortune, and ill paid for their elaborate labors, are among the objects of especial pity, not to say contempt, (pitiable truly, and re-

turning upon the contemner) of these bloated minions of Dives. They would patronize merit, and condescend to take genius by the hand. Contemptible arrogance! ye meanest of the mean, ignoble souls, whose highest privilege it is to be immortalized to posterity by the classic scorn of the indignant human creature you would protect; the true joys of the scholar, the calm life of the thinker, the grateful occupations of the author are unknown to you. Thriftless men, who in any other occupation would have succeeded as ill, and incapables, who should as soon have attempted shoemaking as authorship, have managed to reflect a most undeserved odium on those pursuits, which adorn wealth and elevate poverty, which beautify science and invigorate business. Worthily and in sincerity pursued, what occupation is so full of utility as well as of delight, as literature. A mode of life that leads to reflection and self-denial; that fosters humanity and begets an enlarged curiosity; that inclines equally to serious, resolved action, and to a gay, cheerful temper; which teaches to confine our wants and limit our desires, but at the same time to expand the affections, and to fortify the will; a mode of life that consecrates its followers as a select body of liberal spirits; that unites the cultivation of the highest faculties with the performance of the commonest duties; that inspires a sense of reverence in the dullest souls and fascinates the roving eye of pleasure; employments, in fine which form alone, the worthiest labors of the wisest and best—these constitute the occupations and fill the hours of the scholar.

The literary life is never so happily spent, as in a condition of moderate competence and in the enjoyment of social happiness. The wealthy scholar, even if a man of genius, is obliged, from the nature of his position, and to avoid the scandal of meanness, or the odium of an unsociable disposition, to live in a manner abhorrent to his tastes and literary habits. He must live splendidly, when he would prefer elegance and quiet; he must entertain the indifferent and the inquisitive, where he had rather be surrounded by the chosen friends of his youth. In a word, the rich scholar must live like a mere rich man, and is in danger of sinking the first character in the second. Wealth has obscured genius, which would have been drawn out by exertion; at least as often as talent has been obscured by misfortune.

A great error, though a very frequent one, is, that utter solitude and celibacy are suited to the man of letters. That the greatest works require long meditation and perfect repose is true. No less true is it that the periodical critic and essayist must pursue his labors in a state of serenity and partial retirement. The true literary life is a quiet existence. No genuine scholar ever yet loved a crowd. Yet he loves society for conversation, and masses for observation of manners. He loves chiefly domestic pleasures; the good wife has often assisted, and never yet impeded, the occupations of her husband. The inmates of his dwelling learn to respect his hours of solitude and study. A judicious disposal of his time, will leave the master his own master, and the experiences of domesticity will prove more rich and abundant, than the knowledge of the hackneyed courtier or politician.

Privacy may boast of its heroes and heroism that a public scene cannot display. We look in the wrong place for truly great characters; we seek them in high stations, but seldom find them there. Magnanimity, like eloquence, is often found where we least expect it. There are more heroic actions occurring every day in the retirement of private life than are to be seen on the great public stage of the world. There is more of fortitude exhibited, more of patience in suffering, more true benevolence, a nobler charity, a wider and wiser generosity, deeper affection, and higher aims than the mind of a mere worldling can conceive. The reason is plain. The greatest intellects seek repose from vain struggles of ambition and inefficient plans of improvement. The gravest business of life rightly viewed, is a mere farce, and those pleasing labors and endearing adversities, that make up a private life of contented trial and consequent happiness, are in fact higher and of more real importance. Domestic life is the only field for a certain class of virtues, by no means the least in value. These are of the softer and milder kind, amiable and attractive. Home is the school of the affections, as the world affords the test of the will and intellect. In that embowered valley bloom the sweet flowers of hearts-ease and contented joy.

The life of Wordsworth might be proposed as a model to the author who loves letters rather than a literary reputation, who prefers fame to fashion—not only to the poet,

but to the humblest prose writer, do we propose it. His fine maxim should be engraven on the heart of every true student—"Plain living, and high thinking." De Quincy, who published his recollections of the ~~late~~ poets some years since, in Tait's Magazine, has described the life of the Miltonic Bard, as simple to frugality. He resided in a small cottage with his wife and sister; his guest was conducted into the largest room in the house, smaller than an ordinary bed-room, and which had another occupant, Wordsworth's eldest boy. The common sitting room was half parlor and half kitchen. The great poet, like a good man, a lover of simple pleasures, delighted in his kettle's "faint undersong." His library was very small within doors, but without, what immense folios were his daily reading—the grand mountain scenery of his neighborhood. Nature is Wordsworth's library, or at least wisest commentator. Were he never so rich he could possess no pictures like the landscape around him. Even his friend, the fine painter, Sir George Beaumont, might only copy this original. And for company, what more needed he, to whom grand thoughts in rich abundance came flocking at his call; who possessed such an admirable sister and so excellent a wife. Southey was but a few hours journey distant. Coleridge was sometimes his guest. There too, came Hazlitt and Charles Lamb, and there ever abided, guardian angels of the poet, the spirits of humanity and philosophy, in strict alliance with the Genius of Poesy!

None but a poor spirited fool ever esteemed a man the less for his poverty, and pity, in such cases, is insult. The compassion is a glozing apology for the indulgence of purse pride, the meanest form of Satan's favorite sin, and which he must heartily despise. He who devotes a life to letters, cannot expect wealth: competency is the most he can look for, a thorough education in its widest sense for his children, and a comfortable, though confined maintenance for those dearest to him and least fitted to struggle with misfortune. A fair example and an honorable fame is a richer legacy than a large fortune without either. Most fortunate he, who can unite all. But the spirit of study is adverse to the spirit of accumulation. A man with one idea, and that of money-making, can hardly fail, from one dollar, of realizing a million. But a

man of many ideas, of a comprehensive spirit, and of aspiring views, can never contract his manly mind to the circumference of a store or factory. In his fixed and awful gaze at the wonders of creation, or in his rapt ecstasy at the celestial harmony of poesy, opportunities of profit will slip by, the golden moments of barter escape ! His purse is lighter, it must be confessed ; but he has gained a richer accession of fancies and feelings, than the world can give or take away.

J.

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### THE CARTOUCHEANS IN FRANCE.

CARTOUCHE was a splendid highwayman in France, in the days when ambassadors transported themselves across the country with great quantities of specie in travelling carriages, when fine ladies were encumbered with jewels, and gentlemen wore watches set with rubies. In those times of brilliant pomp, when the court of Louis XIV., and subsequently the regent Duke of Orleans, cherished expense and luxury among the higher class, and set the example for the better support of monarchy, when gambling and dissipation were carried to perfection ; when the government itself turned gamester, and recalled and adulterated the currency at will ; when the old system of the country, its wealth and honors were fast falling into decrepitude, there arose as fungi out of a corrupted soil, a band of predators, rogues, thieves, and assassins. The evils of the state are written in its police reports. For every vice in the rich and educated, there is a crime in the illiterate and the poor. The private gambler was waylaid by the robber as he turned homeward rich with his midnight spoils, and the financing government was betrayed into the hands of speculators.

Cartouche had gained his early laurels in the provinces ; with his band he infested the neighborhood of Orleans, the high road to Italy and the woods of Fontainbleau ; but Paris, with its central wealth and prodigal vices, offered higher prizes for boldness and ingenuity, and he

turned to the capital. The insecurity of the streets offered a tempting field for the display of the courage and dexterity of a man like Cartouche. He robbed in the very centre of Paris, upon the Pont Neuf itself, where the neighborhood of the Seine offered a convenient means of sending an unwelcome witness out of the way. But the crowning glory of Cartouche's genius and legerdemain grew out of the famous Mississippi scheme, and his story, with that of some of his friends may show how productive a mismanaged government may be of private villainy. It affords a lesson which should not be forgotten, a lesson not without its parallel in more recent events. Law and the Regent debased the currency by their schemes of monopoly and banking for the benefit of a race of speculators and pickpockets. Society has since grown more civilized, and men of talent apply their genius in a different way. Instead of highwaymen and burglars, we have defalcators and forgers.

We have recently lighted upon a scarce tract, by De Foe, which gives a picture of the iniquities of this period in France. It purports to be a translation from the French, (though the idiom and verisimilitude of De Foe's style are stamped on every page,) and to give a narrative of the murder of some English gentlemen near Calais, in 1793, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity; with the detection of the band of robbers, and various details, and Newgate Calendar anecdotes of their previous villanies. They were a gang brought up in the school of Cartouche, and with some shades of difference, growing out of different temperaments and education, approved themselves worthy disciples of that great Captain. The character of Cartouche was developed in his policy and ingenuity: one of his chief successors was a coarser villain, a man of butchery and blood: another afforded a beautiful exemplification of the military system, by the readiness with which he would strip the fallen, and secure his booty by stabbing the wounded. He was a professed and accomplished sutler of the camp. We confess it is not to our taste to follow such fellows in their career of crime; though the study even of their wickedness would not be without its uses, in a knowledge of political history. We read of torture being applied to urge confessions and facilitate the discovery of accomplices, which is simply

mentioned as “the ordinary question;” something as familiar to the court, as the asking the prisoner to hold up his right hand, and then to take it down again. Then there are the final inhuman tortures of the wheel, when the culprit was dislocated limb from limb, and lay exposed to a lingering death, with his face in mockery turned to the heavens, until justice, in its humanity—a humanity in signal cases withheld—extended the merciful *coup de grâce*, and released the poor wretch from the miserable social system under which he suffered. It will always be evident, that the inhumanity of a punishment never will deter from crime; yet there are living legislators in the State of New York at this moment, who vindicate the use of capital punishment, who, with Mr. Dennis, the hangman, think it a peculiarly simple and beautiful remedy for the diseases of the State.

Washington Irving, in his sketch of the Great Mississippi Bubble, has recently traced the progress of Law’s financial schemes, and the rapid public demoralization which ensued. He might have drawn still further anecdotes of the system from this little tract of De Foe. The great market of exchange was held in the Rue Quincampoix, and thither resorted not only the stock jobbers of Paris, but foreign speculators from Germany, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe. Much booty fell into the hands of the robbers by the way; and those who were plundered and returned home, it was remarked, fared much better than those who were so unfortunate as to get safe to Paris; the former lost only their ready funds; the others, in the excitement and bewilderment of the stock exchange, mortgaged house and lands, and were stripped of everything. This was called the Quincampoix fair. Irving has drawn a vivid picture of the doings of a single day. “A stock exchange was established in a house in the Rue Quincampoix, and became immediately the gathering-place of stock-jobbers. The exchange opened at seven o’clock, with the beat of drum and sound of bell, and closed at night with the same signals. Guards were stationed at each end of the street, to maintain order, and exclude carriages and horses. The whole street swarmed throughout the day like a bee-hive. Bargains of all kinds were seized upon with avidity. Shares of stock passed from hand to hand, mounting in

value, one knew not why. Fortunes were made in a moment, as if by magic ; and every lucky bargain prompted those around to a more desperate throw of the die. The fever went on, increasing in intensity as the day declined ; and when the drum beat, and the bell rang, at night, to close the exchange, there were exclamations of impatience and despair, as if the wheel of fortune had suddenly been stopped, when about to make its luckiest evolution.” Here Cartouche suddenly made a fortune of many million of livres. In the emergency of the very rapid success that attended these banking schemes, the company had either not experience enough, or perhaps not time enough to open a simple set of transfer books ; they simply issued their notes in the form of a certificate, as easily transferable as a bank bill, and good only to the actual holder. Cartouche had only to dip his hands in the pocket of a stock-jobber in the throng of the street, and become the unquestioned possessor of thousands ; “for now,” says De Foe, “to get the paper of a stock was to get the stock, let it amount to what sum soever ; to pick a pocket and draw out a pocket book, was to get an estate, and it was a frequent thing to have some gentleman in the crowd whose very pocket books were worth many millions. Hence, nothing was more frequent in the middle of the hurries in the Quincampoix street, than to see men running and staring from one to another, confounded, and, in a manner distracted ; one having lost his pocket, others their letter-cases, others their table-books, with their papers in them ; and whenever such things happened, it was a million to one, odds, that they ever heard of them again.” When Cartouche had thus acquired a sufficient principal, he let the stock advance in his hands, till it rose to two thousand per cent., when he called for the ready money and retired.

But worse scenes than these light fingered operations grew out of the speculation ; the pocket books began to be better protected, when the rogues followed the fortunate stock-holder homeward ; they would call him out of the Café from his dinner on pretence of business, and rob him in a private room ; they would waylay him in the street ; they would secrete themselves in his lodging, or get admission by treachery, and rob and murder in the

night. Bargains at length had to be made in whispers, and the initiated walked about with their hands in their pockets. Then the magnificent bubble burst. Cartouche, in the midst of the disaster, was broken on the wheel, and his followers took again to the highway, and after many murders and desperate acts, the worst of them met with a like fate. Thus endeth a chapter in the history of France ; a memorable lesson to all corrupt financiers and defalcators.

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### B R A I N A R D ' S   P O E M S . \*

IT is really matter of rejoicing to receive from Hartford, Connecticut, a volume so beautifully printed, so richly adorned with paper of the finest and whitest texture and print, so cleanly cut and smiling out from the embossed surface of the page, that it seems half to tell its story aloud with a conscious animation. Hartford has not been renowned for the elegance of its typography. Its publications, especially those bearing the imprint of Silas Andrus, have done the reputation of that city no good ; if Aldus and Elzevir have gained an immortal fame by the distinctness, regularity and correctness of their art and are to be held up as the very coryphaei of printers, that Silas Andrus ought to be condemned to a corresponding infamy. He is the worst, the Cæsar Borghia of printers who has succeeded in demonstrating how extremely thin whity-brown paper may be rendered by a proper attention to economy and how pale printers ink may be made without being invisible. Silas Andrus was a chemist and economist of no mean order. He is or was the great Simoom of publishers, for his villainous type has done more to encourage ophthalmia than all the sands of Egypt. Edward Hopkins, the publisher of this volume, is a man of a different order. We could have wished that the volume had been actually printed as well as published at Hartford, but perhaps this was impossible ; the

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\* The poems of John G. C. Brainard, a new and authentic collection, with an original memoir of his life. Hartford: Edward Hopkins.

presses were probably all more or less corrupted by the arts of the aforesaid Silas Andrus, and the volume was sent to the University Press of Thomas G. Wells, at Cambridge; it could not have been better printed at the Clarendon itself.

Never were paper and print better bestowed. The poems of Brainard comes to us at this season, in this style, as an annual, one worth all the painted and gift books of the season. A volume more than an annual, a perennial, for the thoughts of Brainard will blossom and send forth fragrance while there is one tear or smile of sensibility in his countrymen to cherish them.

We have no intention now, of writing a critical article upon Brainard. He has been reviewed in the North American "with such exceptions, however to their general good opinion as judicious criticism is always expected to put forth," says his present editor; and the Edinburgh Review, and in we know not how many dissertations on American poetry, and we have no desire to add to the number. What is more, he was received at once, when he wrote, into the hearts of the people. The numbers of the Connecticut Mirror in which he originally published these poems, were sought for and preserved. Brainard's poetry was at once in request.

It is easy to account for this. The exceeding naturalness and grace of all that he wrote are the earliest and surest passports to good fame. Just as the winning tones of an eloquent voice in company, proceeding from a heart without affectation or hypocrisy are welcomed; while the most labored ambiguities and artful jests without the tone and countenance of honesty are suspected and rejected. Brainard in all companies, among any collection of poets, has the advantage of meaning what he says, and saying it in a manner intelligible and understood by all. He is gentle as a little child, and eloquent as the most manly orator. As proof of the first, take this little poem where he speaks "as a child."

#### THE NOSEGAY.

I'll pull a bunch of buds and flowers,  
And tie a ribbon round them,  
If you'll but think in your lonely hours,  
Of the sweet little girl that bound them.

I'll cull the earliest that put forth,  
And those that last the longest;  
And the bud that boasts the fairest birth,  
Shall cling to the stem that's strongest.

I've run about the garden walks,  
And searched among the dew, sir;—  
These fragrant flowers, these tender stalks,  
I've plucked them all for you, sir.

So here's your bunch of buds and flowers,  
And here's the ribbon round them;  
And here to cheer your saddened hours,  
Is the sweet little girl that bound them.

For a passage of eloquence, read the appeal of Charity; the golden mouth of Chrysotom never from the pulpit uttered his sacred message in a sweeter or more St. Paul like strain. There is the gentlest beauty and the gravest power.

#### CHARITY.

SWEET Charity! thou of the kindest voice,  
Of lightest hand, of softest—meekest eye,  
And gentlest footstep, making but the noise  
Of a good angel's pinions floating by,  
Go forth! but not to dwellings where the sigh  
Of poverty and wretchedness is heard,  
Not to the hovel, nor the human sty,  
Where conscience, O! how burningly, is seared,  
Where Heaven is scarcely known, and Hell but little feared

Sweet Spirit, Go not there. There thou hast been,  
And seen, nor pity nor relief bestowed  
By woman's eye, nor by the hand of men,  
On them who bear such miserable load;  
What votary hast Thou, at their abode?  
What kind heart brings its tearful offer'ng there,  
And, grieved that 'tis no more, lifts up to God  
Its humble, earnest, holy, secret prayer,  
Breathed mid the low and vile, in winter's midnight air?

Go to the rich, the gay, and the secure,  
Bold be thy step, and heavy be thy hand,  
Knock loud and long, at Fashion's partial door,  
And swell thy voice to terrors bold command:  
And he, who builds upon extortion's sand,  
He of the purple and the linen fine,  
Owner of widow's stock and orphan's land,  
Shall shuddering turn from his untasted wine,  
And feel, that to do well, his all he should resign.

Go to the lovely, not in sighing smiles,  
At which the thoughtless fool might smiling sigh,  
—Scatter her freaks, her follies, and her wiles,  
With the stern beauty of religion's eye;  
Teach her the tear of grief—of shame to dry,  
To drop on frailty meek compassion's balm,  
To do aright—to feel aright—to try

Her envious, hateful passions first to calm ;  
Then shed upon her soul, not on her face thy charm.

Go to yon Pharissee—the heartless wretch,  
That prates of holiness, and hunts for sin,  
For faults of others ever on the stretch,  
All gaze without and not one glance within :  
And worse, much worse, not one kind wish to win  
A sinner back—but to detect, betray,  
And punish. Go and tell him to begin  
Anew—and point him to salvation's way,  
The sermon on the mount to us poor sons of clay.

Touch not their gold, but touch—*Thou canst*—their heart,  
For there be many, who, with open purse,  
Will greet thee in that market place, their mart  
Of cold hypocrisy, or something worse ;  
Unkind and selfish—theirs may be the curse  
“*Thy money perish with thee.*” Learn thou then,  
Sweet Charity ! their *kindness* to disburse—  
And Self’s deep deadly current strong to stem ;  
A sigh shall win a pearl—a tear, a diadem.

How blessed are thy feet. Thy footsteps stray  
From open paths, and seek a grass-grown track  
Through shades impervious to the gaze of day ;  
Onward flies light, a form that turns not back  
At sight of chasm, or torrent never slack :  
Quiet and bold, and sure the errand speeds,  
Nor doth the kindly deed a blessing lack—  
To sorrow, joy—to anguish, peace succeeds,  
The eye no longer weeps, the heart no longer bleeds.

A mingling of playfulness, of colloquial familiarity not unlike the mirth of Halleck or Holmes is one of Brainard’s characteristics. One, among so many, abounding in this species of grace is

#### SALMON RIVER.

“Tis a sweet stream—and so, ‘t is true, are all  
That undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl  
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,  
Pursue their way  
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,  
By rock, that since the deluge fixed has stood,  
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood  
By night and day.

But yet, there ’s something in its humble rank,  
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,  
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank  
With unscared look ;  
There ’s much in its wild history, that teems  
With all that ’s superstitious—and that seems  
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,  
In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,  
And blood has dropped there, like the drops of rain ;  
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain—

And many a quiver,  
Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,  
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 't is still,  
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill  
From Salmon River.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made  
Their spells by moonlight ; or beneath the shade  
That shrouds sequestered rock, or dark'ning glade,  
Or tangled dell.

Here Philip came, and Miantonomo,  
And asked about their fortunes long ago,  
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show  
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, that howled and shook  
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook  
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook  
For earthly fox ;  
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,  
And his soft peltry, stripped and dressed, to wear,  
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair  
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'T is hard to rhyme  
About a little and unnoticed stream,  
That few have heard of—but it is a theme  
I chance to love ;  
And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,  
And whistle to the note of many a deed  
Done on this river—which, if there be need,  
I'll try to prove.

We cannot open this volume any where amiss. Here  
is a verse sounding and sonorous as the tread of the mid-  
night soldiery it celebrates.

That silent, moonlight march to Bunker Hill,  
With spades, and swords, bold hearts and ready hands,  
That Spartan step without their flutes—that still,  
Hushed, solemn music of the heart, commands  
More than the trumpet's echo—'tis the thrill  
That thoughts of well-loved homes, and streams and lands,  
Awaken when men go into the fight,  
As did the men at Bunker Hill that night.

We might quote more and more without exhausting  
the different kinds of verse in this volume. There are  
songs of surpassing beauty, picturesque legends and sto-  
ries, stanzas, merry and sad, strains patriotic and domes-  
tic, "a feast of nectared sweets where no crude surfeit  
reigns." Over all, circulating in every line, is the unap-  
proachable charm, save where a happy genius has bestow-

ed it, of NATURALNESS. Brainard is essentially a poet born, as Patrick Henry was an orator, and in other points of their character, perhaps there was a resemblance. The listlessness of a part of their lives is identical. They may both be described as Brainard was, "one of those men who love to lie on their backs and see what they can think." Of both, may we as Americans be honest enthusiasts, without being ashamed of it. In these days when the art of inventing reputation by the currency of a too facile press, is daily practised, and inferior authors coddle themselves into notoriety by mutual puffery and nurse their fame by carefully bestowing an article here and another there; exciting a friendly notice in this quarter and a satire equally effective and well understood in another; when many are built up upon imitation and get possession of the public ear for awhile, till the public get to be familiar with their originals; in such times of eager assumption and unmerited praise we recommend the purity and nature of Brainard to the warmest love of all honest admirers of genuine poetry.

## *The Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.*

A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE moon-beams came through two deep and narrow windows, and showed a spacious chamber, richly furnished in an antique fashion. From one lattice, the shadow of the diamond panes was thrown upon the floor; the ghostly light through the other, slept upon a bed, falling between the heavy silken curtains, and illuminating the face of a young man. But, how quietly the slumberer lay! how pale his features; and how like a shroud the sheet was wound about his frame! Yes; it was a corpse in its burial clothes.

Suddenly, the fixed features seemed to move, with dark emotion. Strange fantasy! It was but the shadow of the fringed curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and

the moonlight, as the door of the chamber opened, and a girl stole softly to the bed side. Was there delusion in the moonbeams, or did her gesture and her eye betray a gleam of triumph, as she bent over the pale corpse—pale as itself—and pressed her living lips to the cold ones of the dead? As she drew back from that long kiss, her features writhed, as if a proud heart were fighting with its anguish. Again it seemed that the features of the corpse had moved, responsive to her own. Still an illusion! The silken curtain had waved, a second time, betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as another fair young girl unclosed the door, and glided ghost-like, to the bedside. There the two maidens stood, both beautiful, with the pale beauty of the dead between them. But she, who had first entered, was proud and stately; and the other, a soft and fragile thing.

“Away!” cried the lofty one. “Thou hadst him living! The dead is mine!”

“Thine!” returned the other shuddering. “Well hast thou spoken! The dead is thine!”

The proud girl started, and stared into her face with a ghastly look. But a wild and mournful expression passed across the features of the gentle one; and, weak and helpless, she sank down on the bed, her head pillowled beside that of the corpse, and her hair mingling with his dark locks. A creature of hope and joy, the first draught of sorrow had bewildered her.

“Patience!” cried her rival.

Patience groaned, as with a sudden compression of the heart; and removing her cheek from the dead youth’s pillow, she stood upright, fearfully encountering the eyes of the lofty girl.

“Wilt thou betray me?” said the latter, calmly.

“Till the dead bid me speak, I will be silent,” answered Patience. “Leave us alone together! Go, and live many years, and then return and tell me of thy life. He too, will be here! Then, if thou tellest of sufferings more than death, we will both forgive thee!”

“And what shall be the token?” asked the proud girl, as if her heart acknowledged a meaning in these wild words.

“This lock of hair,” said Patience, lifting one of the dark clustering curls, that lay heavily on the dead man’s brow.

The two maidens joined their hands over the bosom of the corpse, and appointed a day and hour, far, far in time to come, for their next meeting in that chamber. The statelier girl gave one deep look at the motionless countenance, and departed—yet turned again and trembled, ere she closed the door, almost believing that her dead lover frowned upon her. And Patience, too! Was not her white form fading into the moonlight? Scorning her own weakness, she went forth, and perceived that a negro slave was waiting in the passage, with a wax-light, which he held between her face and his own, and regarded her, as she thought, with an ugly expression of merriment. Lifting his torch on high, the slave lighted her down the staircase, and undid the portal of the mansion. The young clergyman of the town had just ascended the steps, and bowing to the lady, passed in without a word.

Years, many years rolled on; the world seemed new again, so much older was it grown, since the night when those pale girls had clasped their hands across the bosom of the corpse. In the interval, a lonely woman had passed from youth to extreme age, and was known by all the town, as the “Old Maid in the Winding Sheet.” A taint of insanity had affected her whole life, but so quiet, sad, and gentle, so utterly free from violence, that she was suffered to pursue her harmless fantasies, unmolested by the world, with whose business or pleasures she had nought to do. She dwelt alone, and never came into the daylight, except to follow funerals. Whenever a corpse was borne along the street, in sunshine, rain or snow, whether a pompous train, of the rich and proud thronged after it, or few and humble were the mourners, behind them came the lonely woman, in a long, white garment which the people called her shroud. She took no place among the kindred or the friends, but stood at the door to hear the funeral prayer, and walked in the rear of the procession, as one whose earthly charge it was to haunt the house of mourning, and be the shadow of affliction, and see that the dead were duly buried. So long had this been her custom, that the inhabitants of the town deemed her a part of every funeral, as much as the coffin-pall, or the very corpse itself, and augured ill of the sinner’s destiny, unless the “Old Maid in the Wind-

ing-Sheet" came gliding, like a ghost, behind. Once, it is said, she affrighted a bridal party with her pale presence, appearing suddenly in the illuminated hall, just as the priest was uniting a false maid to a wealthy man, before her lover had been dead a year. Evil was the omen to that marriage! Sometimes she stole forth by moonlight, and visited the graves of venerable integrity, and wedded love, and virgin innocence, and every spot where the ashes of a kind and faithful heart were mouldering. Over the hillocks of those favored dead would she stretch out her arms, with a gesture, as if she were scattering seeds; and many believed that she sought them from the garden of Paradise; for the graves which she had visited were green beneath the snow, and covered with sweet flowers from April to November. Her blessing was better than a holy verse upon the tomb-stone. Thus wore away her long, sad, peaceful, and fantastic life, till few were so old as she, and the people of later generations wondered how the dead had ever been buried, or mourners had endured their grief, without the "Old Maid in the Winding Sheet."

Still, years went on, and still she followed funerals, and was not yet summoned to her own festival of death. One afternoon, the great street of the town was all alive with business and bustle, though the sun now gilded only the upper half of the church-spire, having left the house-tops and loftiest trees in shadow. The scene was cheerful and animated, in spite of the sombre shade between the high brick buildings. Here were pompous merchants, in white wigs and laced velvet; the bronzed faces of sea-captains; the foreign garb and air of Spanish creoles; and the disdainful port of natives of Old England; all contrasted with the rough aspect of one or two back-settlers, negotiating sales of timber, from forests where axe had never sounded. Sometimes a lady passed, swelling roundly forth in an embroidered petticoat, balancing her steps in high-heeled shoes, and courtesying, with lofty grace, to the punctilious obeisances of the gentlemen. The life of the town seemed to have its very centre not far from an old mansion, that stood somewhat back from the pavement, surrounded by neglected grass, with a strange air of loneliness, rather deepened than dispelled by the throng so near it. Its site would have been suita-

bly occupied by a magnificent Exchange, or a brick-block, lettered all over with various signs ; or the large house itself might have made a noble tavern, with the "King's Arms" swinging before it ; and guests in every chamber, instead of the present solitude. But, owing to some dispute about the right of inheritance, the mansion had been long without a tenant, decaying from year to year, and throwing the stately gloom of its shadow over the busiest part of the town. Such was the scene, and such the time, when a figure, unlike any that have been described, was observed at a distance down the street.

"I espy a strange sail, yonder," remarked a Liverpool captain ; "that woman in the long white garment!"

The sailor seemed much struck by the object, as were several others, who at the same moment, caught a glimpse of the figure that had attracted his notice. Almost immediately, the various topics of conversation gave place to speculations, in an under tone, on this unwonted occurrence.

"Can there be a funeral so late this afternoon?" inquired some.

They looked for the signs of death at every door—the sexton, the hearse, the assemblage of black-clad relatives—all that makes up the woeful pomp of funerals. They raised their eyes, also, to the sun-gilt spire of the church, and wondered that no clang proceeded from its bell, which had always tolled till now, when this figure appeared in the light of day. But none had heard that a corpse was to be borne to its home that afternoon, nor was there any token of a funeral, except the apparition of the "Old Maid in the Winding Sheet."

"What may this portend?" asked each man of his neighbor.

All smiled as they put the question, yet with a certain trouble in their eyes, as if pestilence, or some other wide calamity, were prognosticated by the untimely intrusion, among the living, of one whose presence had always been associated with death and woe. What a comet is to the earth, was that sad woman to the town. Still she moved on, while the hum of surprise was hushed at her approach, and the proud and the humble stood aside, that her white garment might not wave against them. It was a long, loose robe, of spotless purity. Its wearer appear-

ed very old, pale, emaciated, and feeble, yet glided onward, without the unsteady pace of extreme age.

At one point of her course, a little rosy boy burst forth from a door, and ran, with open arms, towards the ghostly woman, seeming to expect a kiss from her bloodless lips. She made a slight pause, fixing her eye upon him with an expression of no earthly sweetness, so that the child shivered and stood awe-struck, rather than affrighted, while the Old Maid passed on. Perhaps her garment might have been polluted, even by an infant's touch; perhaps her kiss would have been death to the sweet boy, within the year.

"She is but a shadow!" whispered the superstitious. "The child put forth his arms, and could not grasp her robe!"

The wonder was increased, when the Old Maid passed beneath the porch of the deserted mansion, ascended the moss-covered steps, lifted the iron knocker, and gave three raps. The people could only conjecture, that some old remembrance, troubling her bewildered brain, had impelled the poor woman hither to visit the friends of her youth; all gone from their home, long since and forever, unless their ghosts still haunted it—fit company for the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet." An elderly man approached the steps, and reverently uncovering his gray locks, essayed to explain the matter.

"None, Madam," said he, "have dwelt in this house these fifteen years agone—no, not since the death of old Colonel Fenwicke, whose funeral you may have remembered to have followed. His heirs, being ill-agreed among themselves, have let the mansion-house go to ruin."

The Old Maid looked slowly round, with a slight gesture of one hand, and a finger of the other upon her lip, appeared more shadow-like than ever, in the obscurity of the porch. But, again she lifted the hammer, and gave, this time, a single rap. Could it be, that a footstep was now heard, coming down the staircase of the old mansion, which all conceived to have been so long untenanted? Slowly, feebly, yet heavily, like the pace of an aged and infirm person, the step approached, more distinct on every downward stair, till it reached the portal. The bar fell on the inside; the door was opened. One upward

glance, towards the church-spire, whence the sunshine had just faded, was the last that the people saw of the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet."

"Who undid the door?" asked many.

This question, owing to the depth of shadow beneath the porch, no one could satisfactorily answer. Two or three aged men, while protesting against an inference, which might be drawn, affirmed that the person within was a negro, and bore a singular resemblance to old Cæsar, formerly a slave in the house, but freed by death some thirty years before.

"Her summons has waked up a servant of the old family," said one, half seriously.

"Let us wait here," replied another. "More guests will knock at the door, anon. But, the gate of the graveyard should be thrown open!"

Twilight had overspread the town, before the crowd began to separate, or the comments on this incident were exhausted. One after another was wending his way homeward, when a coach—no common spectacle in those days—drove slowly into the street. It was an old-fashioned equipage, hanging close to the ground, with arms on the pannels, a footman behind, and a grave, corpulent coachman, seated high in front, the whole giving an idea of solemn state and dignity. There was something awful in the heavy rumbling of the wheels. The coach rolled down the street, till, coming to the gateway of the deserted mansion, it drew up, and the footman sprang to the ground.

"Whose grand coach is this?" asked a very inquisitive body.

The footman made no reply, but ascended the steps of the old house, gave three raps with the iron hammer, and returned to open the coach-door. An old man, possessed of the heraldic lore so common in that day, examined the shield of arms on the pannel.

"Azure, lion's head erased, between three flower de lutes," said he; then whispered the name of the family to whom these bearings belonged. The last inheritor of its honors was recently dead, after a long residence amid the splendor of the British court, where his birth and wealth had given him no mean station. "He left no child," continued the herald, "and these arms, being

in a lozenge, betoken that the coach appertains to his widow."

Further disclosures, perhaps, might have been made, had not the speaker suddenly been struck dumb, by the stern eye of an ancient lady, who thrust forth her head from the coach, preparing to descend. As she emerged, the people saw that her dress was magnificent, and her figure dignified, in spite of age and infirmity—a stately ruin, but with a look, at once, of pride and wretchedness. Her strong and rigid features had an awe about them, unlike that of the white Old Maid, but as of something evil. She passed up the steps, leaning on a gold-headed cane; the door swung open, as she ascended—and the light of a torch glittered on the embroidery of her dress, and gleamed on the pillars of the porch. After a momentary pause—a glance backwards—and then a desperate effort—she went in. The decypherer of the coat of arms had ventured up the lowest step, and shrinking back immediately, pale and tremulous, affirmed that the torch was held by the very image of old Cæsar.

"But, such a hideous grin, added he, "was never seen on the face of mortal man, black or white! It will haunt me till my dying day."

Meantime the coach had wheeled round, with a prodigious clatter on the pavement, and rumbled up the street, disappearing in the twilight, while the ear still tracked its course. Scarcely was it gone, when the people began to question, whether the coach and attendants, the ancient lady, the spectre of old Cæsar, and the Old Maid herself, were not all a strangely combined delusion with some dark purport in its mystery. The whole town was astir, so that, instead of dispersing, the crowd continually increased, and stood gazing up at the windows of the mansion, now silvered by the brightening moon. The elders, glad to indulge the narrative propensity of age, told of the long faded splendor of the family, the entertainments they had given, and the guests, the greatest of the land, and even titled and noble ones from abroad, who had passed beneath that portal. These graphic reminiscences seemed to call up the ghosts of those to whom they referred. So strong was the impression, on some of the more imaginative hearers, that two or three were seized with trembling fits, at one and the same mo-

ment, protesting that they had distinctly heard three other raps of the iron knocker.

"Impossible!" exclaimed others. "See! The moon shines beneath the porch, and shows every part of it, except in the narrow shade of that pillar. There is no one there!"

"Did not the door open?" whispered one of these fanciful persons.

"Didst thou see it, too?" said his companion, in a startled tone.

But the general sentiment was opposed to the idea, that a third visitant had made application at the door of the deserted house. A few, however, adhered to this new marvel, and even declared that a red gleam, like that of a torch, had shone through the great front window, as if the negro were lighting a guest up the staircase. This, too, was pronounced a mere fantasy. But, at once, the whole multitude started, and each man beheld his own terror painted in the faces of all the rest.

"What an awful thing is this!" cried they.

A shriek, too fearfully distinct for doubt, had been heard within the mansion, breaking forth suddenly, and succeeded by a deep stillness, as if a heart had burst in giving it utterance. The people knew not whether to fly from the very sight of the house, or to rush trembling in, and search out the strange mystery. Amid their confusion and affright, they were somewhat reassured by the appearance of their clergyman, a venerable patriarch, and equally a saint, who had taught them and their fathers the way to heaven, for more than the space of an ordinary life-time. He was a reverend figure, with long, white hair upon his shoulders, a white beard upon his breast, and a back so bent over his staff, that he seemed to be looking downward, continually, as if to choose a proper grave for his weary frame. It was some time before the good old man, being deaf, and of impaired intellect, could be made to comprehend such portions of the affair, as were comprehensible at all. But, when possessed of the facts, his energies assumed unexpected vigor.

"Verily," said the old gentleman, "it will be fitting that I enter the mansion-house of the worthy Colonel Fenwicke, lest any harm should have befallen that true

Christian woman, whom ye call the ‘Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.’”

Behold, then, the venerable clergyman ascending the steps of the mansion, with a torch-bearer behind him. It was the elderly man, who had spoken to the Old Maid, and the same who had afterwards explained the shield of arms, and recognized the features of the negro. Like their predecessors, they gave three raps with the iron hammer.

“Old Cæsar cometh not,” observed the priest. “Well I wot, he no longer doth service in this mansion.”

“Assuredly, then, it was something worse, in old Cæsar’s likeness!” said the other adventurer.

“Be it as God wills,” answered the clergyman. “See! my strength though it be much decayed, hath sufficient to open this heavy door. Let us enter, and pass up the staircase.”

Here occurred a singular exemplification of the dreamy state of a very old man’s mind. As they ascended the wide flight of stairs, the aged clergyman appeared to move with caution, occasionally standing aside and often bending his head as it were in salutation, thus practising all the gestures of one who makes his way through a throng. Reaching the head of the staircase, he looked around with sad and solemn benignity, laid aside his staff, bared his hoary locks, and was evidently on the point of commencing a prayer.

“Reverend sir,” said his attendant, who conceived this a very suitable prelude to their further search, “would it not be well that the people join with us in prayer?”

“Well-a-day!” cried the old gentleman, staring strangely around him. “Art thou here with me, and none other? Verily, past times were present to me, and I deemed that I was to make a funeral prayer, as many a time heretofore, from the head of this staircase. Of a truth, I saw the shades of many that are gone. Yea, I have prayed at their burials, one after another, and the ‘Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet’ hath seen them to their graves!”

Being now more thoroughly awake to their present purpose, he took his staff, and struck forcibly on the floor, till there came an echo from each deserted chamber, but no menial, to answer their summons. They therefore walked along the passage, and again paused, op-

posite to the great front window, through which was seen the crowd, in the shadow and partial moonlight of the street beneath. On their right was the open door of a chamber, and a closed one on their left. The clergyman pointed his cane to the carved oak pannel of the latter.

"Within that chamber," observed he, "a whole life time since, did I sit by the death-bed of a goodly young man, who, being now at the last gasp"—

Apparently, there was some powerful excitement in the ideas which had now flashed across his mind. He snatched the torch from his companion's hand, and threw open the door with such sudden violence, that the flame was extinguished, leaving them no other light than the moonbeams which fell through two windows into the spacious chamber. It was sufficient to discover all that could be known. In a high-backed, oaken arm chair, upright, with her hands clasped across her breast, and her head thrown back, sat the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet." The stately dame had fallen on her knees, with her forehead on the holy knees of the Old Maid, one hand upon the floor, and the other pressed convulsively against her heart. It clutched a lock of hair, once sable, now discolored with a greenish mould. As the priest and layman advanced into the chamber, the Old Maid's features assumed such a semblance of shifting expression, that they trusted to hear the whole mystery explained by a single word. But it was only the shadow of a tattered curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight.

"Both dead!" said the venerable man. "Then who shall divulge the secret? Methinks it glimmers to-and-fro in my mind, like the light and shadow across the Old Maid's face. And now, 'tis gone!"

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## THE LOVE AND MADNESS OF TASSO.\*

A N original book on a purely literary subject, dated from beyond the Potomac is a phenomenon that would be worthy of record, even were it one less deserving attention than the work before us. The silence of our Southern brethren has been often remarked; a true and philosophical explanation of it has yet to be found. It is indeed strange that a people among whom leisure, wealth and scholarship, (elegant if rarely deep,) heightened by European travel, are the common birthright of the educated classes—should be comparatively destitute of a native and characteristic Literature, and in effect dependent on writers whose tastes and feelings are in frequent opposition to their own. We cannot doubt that this state of intellectual apathy is but for a time, whose limit nearly approaches—that this silence is pregnant with utterance—that the darkness which overshadows the land will roll away, and its lavish profusion of nature's bounties and art's refinements will yet glow in the halo of genius spread round it by some master mind. We are happy to hail in Mr. Wilde's book, the hope of a brighter day. In its author, we see one who, passing unscathed through the bitterness of political warfare brings all the freshness and vigor of a youthful mind to the enjoyment of communion with the mighty men of old. Himself a poet, he finds in the development of the tangled web of the poetic career, a subject that awakens his kindred sympathies. His best efforts are engaged in his self-appointed task—the dispersion of the mists of calumny and opprobrium that have thickened around the fair fame of one of the chief poets of modern times.

Nor is the subject of these volumes unworthy the most careful attention from all who would rightly estimate the workings of the mind in its noblest sphere of exertion. In the eloquent words of our author's exordium—"There is scarcely any poet whose life excites a more profound

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\*Conjectures and Researches Concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso; by Richard Henry Wilde. New-York: Alexander V. Blake—2 vols. 12mo.

and melancholy interest than that of Torquato Tasso. His short and brilliant career of glory captivates the imagination, while the heart is deeply affected by his subsequent misfortunes. Greater fame and greater misery have seldom been the lot of man, and a few brief years sufficed for each extreme, an exile even from his boyhood the proscription and confiscation suffered by his father deprived him of home and patrimony. Honor and love, and the favor of princes, and enthusiastic praise dazzled his youth. Envy, malice and treachery—tedious imprisonment and imputed madness—insult, poverty, and persecution clouded his manhood. The evening of his days was saddened by a troubled spirit, want, sickness, bitter memories, and deluded hopes, and when at length a transient gleam of sunshine fell upon his prospects, Death substituted the immortal for the laurel crown."

Such is an outline of the life of the poet which forms the subject of Mr. Wilde's investigation. In pursuing them he has adopted the track indicated though not followed out to its full extent by Guingene, Rossini and the later biographers, and has sought for elucidation of the doubtful events of Tasso's life in the ample store of materials contained in his correspondence, and minor poems or Canzoniere. These last form a vast collection of lyrical pieces, and though obscured by the superior splendor of the *Gierusalemme*, they are (like the sonnets of Shakespeare) of the highest value in his personal and mental history. The greater portion are evidently the undisguised outpourings of soul wrung from him in the various phases of mental conflict, they display most vividly the alternate tortures and triumphs, the throes and gusts of passion, that rent the soul of Tasso till his apparent madness testified that treachery and malice had done its work. We will briefly indicate the results arrived at by our author after a diligent comparison of these and every other accessible source of information.

The LOVES of Tasso have always been regarded as mysteriously connected with the series of events, that embittered his life. The person to whom the first fruits of his genius were dedicated, was Laura Peperara, a noble lady of Mantua seen by Tasso during an interval of his youthful studies. The feeling with which she inspired him, seems rather to have been an exercise of the imagi-

nation in the idealization of a favorite object—than a deeply seated sentiment of the heart—though sixty poems remain to attest his devotion, three others yet extant, on Laura's wedding, prove that the fertility of his fancy was not impaired by that event. The introduction of our poet to the court of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara was the turning point of his life. In his twenty-second year, of noble family—his father a poet of no inconsiderable renown, and his own fame proceeding him as the author of *Rinaldo*, (a poem that contains the germs of his immortal epic) he was immediately admitted to a familiar intercourse with the Duke and his sisters, with the younger of whom, Leonora, then in her twenty-ninth year, the fate of Tasso became inextricably connected. Though the servility of some biographers anxious to pay court to the aristocratic prejudices of the ruling dynasty, has led them to deny the very existence of Tasso's passion, sufficient proofs of its intensity are found in his poems to satisfy the most incredulous; nay, more, it is impossible to resist the conviction that he was induced to persevere through encouragement granted him by the lady of his love. The portrait of the gentle Leonora, has descended to us without shade, and spotless: we are indebted for it to the pen of her lover, without whom her history would have been confined to the two lines of the annalist that record her birth, origin and death, but

“ Such are the proud manacles of verse  
That make men rise up from the drowsie hearse,”

we can trace love's chronology through all its changes of melancholy, anxiety, despair, and ever renewing hope. That the man high in favor with her brother, and whose fame rang through Italy, should have caused emotion in the breast of Leonora, in spite of the difference of rank, that made a union between them impossible, is a supposition far from discreditable to her. That very difference may have rendered her more incautious in her approval of the perpetual incense offered at the shrine of her beauty,—while her constant refusal of all offers of marriage must have kept alive the expiring flame of the Poet struggling against hope or expectation of success. This was the spring-tide of Tasso's genius. Leonora's eyes rained influence on his pen. For her were breathed the

pastoral, silver-toned warblings of the Aminta; and high, beneath her kindling glance, swelled the stream of song, that told of her ancestral glories, and

“The sacred armies and the godly knight,  
That the great sepulchre of Christ did free.”

A more abiding passion never dwelt in the heart of man. It may be traced “*like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream,*” influencing every movement of his after life. When its existence is assumed, many of the obscurer passages in the life of Tasso are capable of explanation. Without it, his whole career is an aimless and purposeless existence. Its details must be sought in the pages now open before us.

After a passing glance towards the other love passages imputed to Tasso, in which his unwavering loyalty to Leonora, is cleared and asserted, we arrive at the vexed questions of his MADNESS and IMPRISONMENT. Here all is uncertainty, and it is impossible to plant a firm footstep amid the doubts of biographers, and the discrepancies of contemporary documents. The reality of his madness has been advocated and denied with equal fervor. Passages from his writings, in confirmation of either hypothesis, are brought forward by their respective partizans. The motives of Alphonso, at whose hand he suffered a captivity of seven years, are alike unascertained. What to one writer seems a paternal care for the health and reputation of the Poet, yields to the scrutiny of another the vindictive revenge of a cold, haughty nature, insensible to the pangs it inflicts. In Tasso, the poetic temperament was refined to a painful and unhealthy degree. His mind, morbidly sensible to injury and neglect, reacted on a feeble and overwrought frame. When we consider his anomalous position at the court of Ferrara, without fixed station, or settled income, yet mingling in delusive equality with those from whom he was in reality divided by an impassable gulf—devoured by a passion, the discovery of which might in a moment everlasting banish him from its object—it is matter of no surprise, that the excitable nature of Tasso was goaded to acts of imprudence, that drew on him the displeasure of the Duke,—a high, proud man, of limited sympathies and narrow, selfish views of aggrandizement. At this crisis, the

treachery of a false friend is supposed to have furnished Alphonso with conclusive testimony of the Poet's too daring love, by a traitorous disclosure of his private papers.

A complicated series of events follows, marked by his first imprisonment, for a hasty outbreak of passion, occurring in the Ducal Palace,—his release and flight from Ferrara, in a state of distrust and suspicion of all mankind, so distressing as to leave little doubt of his mental alienation. Though hospitably received at the various Italian courts, he was haunted by a ceaseless longing to return to the scene of his sufferings, only explicable by the o'er-mastering strength of his love. When, after two years absence, he was allowed to revisit Ferrara, at the marriage of the Duke, fresh imprudences gave rise to renewed severity, and formed an excuse for his prolonged imprisonment in the dreary dungeons of Saint Anna.

Whatever color of truth may have existed for the temporary confinement of Tasso, under the plea of insanity, its continuance for the same cause is shown to be utterly untenable, by an examination of the works he produced while in prison, and a deeper reason must be sought in the offended pride of his implacable patron. His detention was indeed a season of remarkable mental activity, during which he diligently revised and defended his poems, besides using the most strenuous exertions to procure his release. From hence is dated his celebrated canzone to the Princesses, (Leonora and her sister,) wherein he endeavors to move their compassion for his forlorn condition. We give a few plaintive stanzas from Mr. Wilde's translation, in the metre of the original.

Fair daughters of René ! my song  
Is not of pride and ire,  
Fraternal discord, hate, and wrong,  
Burning in life and death so strong,  
From rule's accurst desire,  
That even the flames divided long  
Upon their funeral pyre.\*  
But you I sing, of royal birth,  
Nursed on one breast like them :  
Two flowers, both lovely, blooming forth  
From the same parent stem—  
Cherished by heaven, beloved by earth,  
Of each a treasured gem !

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\* Eteocles and Polynices.

To you I speak, in whom we see  
With wondrous concord blend,  
Sense, worth, fame, beauty, modesty—  
Imploring you to lend  
Compassion to the misery  
And sufferings of your friend.  
The memory of years gone by,  
O let me in your hearts renew  
The scenes, the thoughts, o'er which I sigh,  
The happy days I spent with you—  
And what, I ask, and where am I—  
And what I was, and why secluded—  
Whom did I trust, and who deluded ?

Daughters of heroes and of kings,  
Allow me to recall  
These and a thousand other things—  
Sad, sweet, and mournful all !  
From me few words,—more tears, grief wrings—  
Tears burning as they fall.  
For royal halls and festive bowers  
Where, nobly serving, I  
Shared and beguiled your private hours,  
Studies, and sports, I sigh ;  
And lyre, and trump, and wreathed flowers ;  
Nay more, for freedom, health, applause,  
And even humanity's lost laws !

When at length the release of Tasso could no longer be denied to indignant Italy, he left his prison a feeble and a broken man. The loadstar of his life had died during his confinement. A few years, embittered by sickness, poverty, loss of memory, melancholy and despair, were all that remained to him—to him whose spirit soared through darkness and tribulation, to the conception of the Christian epic—who, when the hour of faith in chivalry was past, and the time of mockers and scorners come, with a felicity beyond Homer, grappled with the heroic age of Christendom, and made its free imaginings and deeds of high emprise an inheritance and a possession for all the believers in that holy religion that bound up the hearts of their forefathers, as it were one man, through the endurance of a common peril, to the attainment of an inalienable and deathless renown.

## SEA THOUGHTS.

**N**ONE can obtain any idea of the great sea save those who go down therein—it can no more be discerned from walking on the shore, than one can get an idea of sea-sickness from a dose of tartar emetic. To form an adequate conception of that grand single and isolated object, separated only from ourselves and the down-bowing heavens, we must look out from the deck of a ship where no dark land lifts head above the wave, then seeing it spread in all directions, seeming to close us in its strict embrace, and dividing, as if insuperably, continents, we sweep the eye along the line of division between the sky and the water, and give the character of boundlessness to the waves alike with the heavens. Like the creative power is that which hangs above. Like creation spreading in but one direction, lies the dark water.

Sailors are said to be the most superstitious of people, but one would imagine the purlieus of a ship to be the worst place possible for a ghost to appear, with a due regard to stage effect. Everything around is the creature of art—ropes and cables, hard iron and wooden beams—so obedient to physical laws that the associations are all adverse to ghost traditions and sight-seeings on the tarry deck. Yet the wild and reckless, the simple-hearted and credulous character of the inmates of the ship, of those brave and strong-handed conquerors of the storm and wave, cause them doubtless to listen with attention and respect to the tale that amuses a watch in the dark night, that shadows their own wild daring, their own stern indifference, that satisfies the longing after that conception that is wider than the wave and unbridled as the wind, the idea of a spiritual nature. The senses reach it not, and language gives but a hint of it, imitating as words must do, the sounds of action or of animate things, or things invested with an animation. The greatest and most august ideas present themselves oftentimes, to the untrained, those who have not exercised the mind about details and parts of things, and it would be singular to mark the association of ideas if we could remark it in the case of the uneducated, and, as it were, the man of nature. Such mixtures of light and shade as are met with in the

wildest spots of wood and mountain, minglings of the loftiest notions and the most ignoble and in the moral nature generosity and courage embracing petty cunning. After all, the great end of education is to give a man a consistent character, so that others in society may know where to find him, and not be non-plussed by that which runs counter to previous experience, and actions governed by a new set of motives. This character the mariner shares with the mighty deep, changing like the unquiet face of the sea, smiling now and reflecting the stars, and then striving to pull the heavens down. Such is the unstable character of him whose home is on the wave.

Never can any of that stunning silence, when leaves and winds are sleeping, be found on the sea—the waves are whispering like the voices of ten thousand little flutes in the stilllest time, the music of a soft murmur under the stern of the vessel, and yet all this makes a silence pleasant as that which is mixed with the sound of distant birds on a balmy morning in summer, when the cool dawn is just coming up in the east. But what gives the character of great silence and loneliness is that you hear no voice from a distance, at sea in a calm. These gentle murmurs are close at hand, and an unbroken silence hangs over all the space beyond. During a storm, the sounds coming equally from all points of the surrounding waves, their clashing gives but the notion of a confused murmur of which the nearest circle shuts out the whole raving mass beyond it from the ear. But once we thought of a bright moonlight night, the wind caressing the ship and bounding her merrily on, that we could distinguish a voice that often breaks in upon silence and startles her, as under night's dark cloak she would renew the primeval sway. There was a voice like the distant bark of the watch-dog ; it swelled upon the ear as if the wind had been dallying with it, and then rose sharp and clear. How that sound broke in like a ray of light recalling old associations—and, after all, to be informed that this was but the swaying of the top-mast, collected in the belly of the sail, and deflected as in a whispering gallery to the quarter-deck. No romance truly is allowed upon the salt brine, where every thing but man can be fairly accounted for on scientific principles, of all the wonders met beneath or above its glassy surface.

The ship sails by the laws of statics and dynamics—her centres of oscillation and gravity are all marked out—the waves are pieced out, and a sort of pendulum theory made out for their motion—the captain joins the sun and moon in his sextant, and though the marriage may be useful for his purposes, sun and moon lose all romantic interest when you see them bear to be peered at through such an inquisitive, steam engine, manual labor looking thing as what sailors call a sextant.

A sunset at sea is not like a setting behind wooded mountains. It has not enough of the earth in it, as inhabited place, it is an eclipse of a portion of it as a heavenly body—it is too simple, with not enough of scenery. We would have smiling fields and houses to the east reflecting the last glance they catch, back to us; a wood upon the left, on the right a meadow, along which shadows seem to creep, and in front a tall hill, with every where traces of man and man's labor. Yet, still, when clouds gather round the setting sun, when they seem like giant figures in gold and purple, blue and crimson, and feathers appear to dance over their swart features, as they seize the burning brand and plunge it in the dark shadow of the ocean, we can call up all that has been written of the conclaves of demons or Cycloian forges, and see the figures that might have been drawn on the easel of the poet's mind, and the forms he has translated into words. If the evening gives the idea of spirits and gigantic pictures of animation, the morning sun, from a brighter light gives the character of solidity to the clouds—rocks, mountains, or palaces of precious stones seem built up in the east, or else a vast and impenetrable mass of cold and chaotic appearance gives the emblem of a plastic spirit commencing upon rugged matter, and glancing once upon it before the formative process shall be commenced.

How can we properly describe a calm so mild, so glowing; the sun, the wave, like an infant's face, like a sleeping nymph, the inhabitants of the waters disporting, and you going back to childhood: the present with its beauty filling the very soul. It has nothing of dull mechanical life. No man can then read a book on political economy, and attend to its shadowy data, tricked up in dry logic cut-bias, or flounced rhetoric, like a girl's doll in buckram and pink satin. No: in a glowing calm he must read a

volume of Spenser, or what furnishes Spenserian ideas the sailor may perhaps have his in an odd leaf from the Arabian Nights, or the history of the Buccaneers, to read by spells, and lean over the side and see bubbles floating lazily past. That bubble is solid land to some creature; it reflects the great heavens beyond, it is colored by the clouds, it has its sun, its mighty world, where vast animation riots. The universe is just such a bubble. The limitless space, with its worlds and stars, is just such a bubble. Other universes, in other conditions, rise above the spatial one—the worlds of angels, of other intelligences rising still above other, with forms of thought more multiplex than man, and all are but the shadows thrown upon the shade of slender water, while the Supreme Creator smiles above all that is weak, limited and conditioned. Then a living creature, like the blue eye of a Nereid, passes by, and looks up, a picture of the soul—its mild blue glances, full of beauty, the emblem of love. Turn from the bursting bubble and the nymph's eye, to the page of the poet, Shakespeare, Göethe, or Spencer, bubbles and living, loving eyes are shining the symbols of what are around and about, pictures of never ending existence, of permanency in the midst of dissolution.

Great ocean, with dancing waves and fleecy clouds, farewell. I shall meet you in the rain drop again, in the diamond of dew on the grass. The earth has waves, too; the wood of centuries fleets like the bubble, or the lace garment of the billows; and flowers reflect the skies. And man, with all his passions and bright thoughts, is a leafy tree, a sun painted flower, a wave floating in the ocean of existence—the flower withers, the oak falls, the wave dissolves, man fades like his creation to one impression, and new lives, new scenes teach him that his starry home shall be eternal—that he shall be perpetuated as flowers and ocean are, in him, in the contemplation of a higher nature, who suffers not his lasting and worthy ideas ever lacking expression. Articulate, speaking man creates, and his thoughts live, and when man is once pronounced by the creative Word, he too lives forever.

A.

## SONNETS.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I.

## TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS.

GREAT soul, thou sittest with me in my room,  
 Uplifting me with thy vast, quiet eyes,  
 On whose full orbs with kindly lustre lies  
 The twilight warmth of ruddy ember-gloom ;  
 Thy clear, strong tones will oft bring sudden bloom  
 Of hope secure to him who lonely cries  
 Wrestling with the young poet's agonies—  
 Neglect and scorn which seem a certain doom :  
 Yes ! the few words which, like huge thunder drops,  
 Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully,  
 Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,—  
 Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light,  
 Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny  
 After the moonled pulse of ocean stops.

II.

## SUNSET AND MOONSHINE.

THE sunset hath a glory for the soul,  
 Uplifting it from all earth's things apart  
 And building it a palace of pure Art  
 Where it doth sit alone in crown'd control,  
 And o'er all space its eyes unsealed roll ;  
 But the dear moonshine looks in on the heart,  
 Giving each kindly blood-drop warmer start,  
 And knits me with humanity's great whole ;  
 It doth not bear me, as the sunset doth,  
 Forth of the city, but, on dull brick walls,  
 Silverly smileth, as 'twere nothing loath  
 To sanctify all that whereon it falls,  
 And with it my full heart goes forth and broods  
 In love o'er all life's sleeping multitudes.

## THE CITY ARTICLE.

## ENGLAND AND CHINA.

THIS commercial metropolis and nation cannot be indifferent spectators of the events which are transpiring in the China Sea, upon the borders of an ancient empire, the period of whose birth lies in dim shadow and obscurity far on the dark side of the Christain era. As a member of the family of nations, and as an eminently commercial people, the maintenance of those principles of international law which regulate the intercourse and commerce of nations, is of high concern to us. Deeming those principles to have been grossly violated by England in her late attacks upon China, and that the commercial interests and rights of this nation are deeply involved in the results of the British China policy, we propose to take a very general survey of the grounds of quarrel between these two nations; one the most ancient, and the other the most powerful on the globe. We do not now assert, but the result of this inquiry may prove, that while England has one object in this quarrel designed for the public ear, she has another and secret purpose which she clasps to her heart; that while she pretends to be seeking a recompense for the contraband goods smuggled by her subjects, under the shelter of her flag, into China, and there seized and destroyed by the Chinese authorities she is, in reality, travelling in the bloody road of national aggrandizement, and seeking to extend her dominions in the East, by revolution and conquest in China.

The acts truly alleged by England against China are, first, that the Chinese government seized and destroyed a large quantity of opium which had been smuggled into China, and arrested certain English subjects suspected, and punished others proved to have been engaged in such contraband trade; and secondly, that China will not hold diplomatic intercourse with England, by allowing a resident minister at the imperial court, and entering into treaties after the existing mode among European nations. The question is, whether either of these admitted facts justifies the recent acts of force by England in China.

And first, as to the enforcement of the laws against the opium trade. Had China the right to prohibit, and did she prohibit, the introduction of opium into her territory? The traffic in opium had been prohibited by the Chinese government under severe penalties, for the last half century. These prohibitory laws were well known, not only in China, but by the nations engaged in trade with her. In a report on the affairs of India made in 1783 to the English House of Commons, by Edmund Burke, he says that "all importation of that commodity is rigorously forbidden by the laws of China," that the East India Company had smuggled quantities of it into Canton under the muzzles of an armed ship—and that the company had afterwards been concerned in the traffic carried on in the names of private individuals; and he speaks of the difficulties attending "the introduction of a contraband commodity into China, sent at such a risk of seizure, not only of the immediate object to be smuggled in, but of all the company's property in Canton, and possibly at a hazard to the existence of the British factory at that port."

It is well known that the poppy, of which opium is an extract, is principally cultivated in British India. This pernicious drug seems to be a curse alike to producer and consumer. Large tracts of the best soil in India are devoted to the cultivation of the poppy; and the natives have been coerced by government upon such terms as its cupidity has seen fit to impose, to reclaim their lands from the cultivation of grains to the production of poppies. Burke, in the Report above cited, after speaking of the dreadful famine in India, in which a half million of the wretched natives perished, says that the opinion was universally prevalent, and he refers to facts justifying the opinion, "that even in the season immediately following that dreadful famine, which swept off one-third of the inhabitants of Bengal, several of the poorer farmers were compelled to plough up the fields they had sown with grain, in order to plant them with poppies for the benefit of the growers of opium."

At that time, the export of opium to China amounted to only a few hundred chests; but the product paying an immense profit, and yielding a large revenue to the coffers of the East India company, the quantity exported continued to increase until 1839, when it amounted to

about twenty-thousand chests, worth in China some twenty millions of dollars. For many years, the opium trade with China has yielded to the revenues of the English government, several millions pounds sterling. Indeed, so prolific a source of revenue had it become, that the government forgot the far-seeing predictions of its most philosophic statesmen, Burke, that the contraband trade in opium would be likely to end in a confiscation of all British property, and the termination of British trade, at Canton ; a prediction which was measurably realized in 1839. When the subject of Indian affairs was before Parliament in 1830 and 1832, the expediency of abandoning the manufacture of opium in Bengal was under consideration ; but the committee reported, and the House of Commons resolved, "that it does not seem advisable to abandon so important a source of revenue as the E. I. Company's monopoly of opium in Bengal." And the English merchants in Canton, in their memorial applying to the English government for an indemnity for the opium confiscated in 1839, say, in allusion to this report and resolution of the Commons, "we conceive it will therefore be admitted that British subjects have carried on this trade with the sanction implied, if not openly expressed, of their own government." For a considerable period previous to 1839, the evil effects of the traffic in opium had become fearfully manifest, and threatened the most serious consequences to the growth of the population, to the industrial character and pursuits, and to the physical and moral condition of the people of China. The population of China in 1837, was supposed to be nearly four hundred millions. But assume it to have been only three hundred millions, and that one half of this number were males, there were sixty millions of men who were supposed to use opium. The Chinese government supposed that it possessed the right, and was bound in duty to its subjects, to prohibit all traffic in this pernicious drug. So thinking, it was prohibited, under penalty of confiscation of the contraband article, and punishment to the illicit trader. Having so prohibited, it proceeded to enforce the inhibition. Several merchants suspected, and others known, to have been engaged in the prohibited trade, were seized and confined. Egress from the district occupied by their factories was denied to the

foreign merchants—a general search was made—a large quantity of opium, belonging to foreigners, was found, its delivery was demanded by the authorities; it was delivered, without any pretence that it was not a contraband article, or protest against the demand, and over two thousand chests, worth some twenty millions of dollars, thus delivered, were immediately destroyed. These twenty millions were drained from the pockets of those who, in defiance of the government which afforded them shelter in a legal and profitable trade, and to the disgrace of their character as merchants, had followed the base vocation of smugglers. But the same sum, equal to the value of all the property destroyed by the great fire in the “burnt district” of this city, had annually, for many years, been drained from the pockets of a people who, to the extent of their barter in this poison, purchased and perished.

England now demands restitution. To enforce this demand, she sends an armed fleet to the port at Canton, without any notice of her hostile purpose, opens her batteries upon Chinese vessels found in those waters, destroying a considerable amount of property, and killing from five hundred to a thousand men. The English naval force is afterwards augmented; the Chinese forts are destroyed, Canton is bombarded, and, after the destruction of thousands of its defenders, is entered by the soldiers of a Christian nation which boasts of her superior civilization and her renown for deeds of chivalry, and is given up to sack and pillage, to the conflagration of its homes and temples, to the plunder of its property, to the violation of its chaste mothers, and wives, and daughters. And to perpetuate the renown of this chivalrous exploit of the regular soldiery of her most Christain Majesty, Queen Victoria, the victors are allowed to inscribe the name of “China” upon their banners.

Mr. John Q. Adams, the Nestor among American diplomatists, asks, who has the right of this quarrel? He answers that the English are right, and puts his answer on the ground that China refuses to treat with England according to the modes of European diplomacy, and that England makes that refusal, and not the loss of or want of restitution for, her opium, the ground of quarrel. We hold England to be wrong on either ground, and that she has other objects in view than those just suggested. The

right of China to prohibit the traffic in opium is nowhere questioned. That it did prohibit such traffic, is both proved and conceded. But the learned publicists who espouse the British side of the quarrel, use this extraordinary argument: they say, that although this traffic was most injurious to China, draining her of her bullion, and inflicting the most dreadful evils upon her people, yet that the trade was profitable, and had been carried on for years by means of bribes paid to, and the connivance of, the excise officers of the government—the argument stands thus: it is wrong to smuggle, but if you can smuggle by corrupting the officers of the government, who are sworn to prevent it, the offence is purged. The decalogue denounces theft; but if the burglar can bribe your servant to facilitate his crime by unlocking the door of your dwelling at midnight, and pointing him to his plunder, he is, at most, guilty of a trifling peccadillo. This is introducing homœopathy into jurisprudence, and killing the disorder by increasing it. Thus, smuggling is cured by corruption, and a drunkard redeems his character by theft. And thus, by the logic of English conquest and aggrandizement, if the wrong inflicted by her illicit trade upon a virtuous and friendly people, is not quite purged by corrupting her administrative officers, it is entirely obliterated by the good office of battering the walls of her chief commercial city to the ground, slaughtering her sons, and delivering her daughters to the lusts of a licentious soldiery. Happy the people so skilful in dialectics, and so facile in the theory, and consistent in the practice, of the moral code!

We maintain, in opposition to Mr. Adams, and upon the authority of all the elementary writers on the law of nations, that each nation has the absolute right to determine for herself, whether she will have any, and what, commercial or other intercourse with any other nation. Vattel lays down the doctrine, that nations, like individuals, ought to do what is good for themselves, and to promote the happiness of others; but he states, and reiterates again and again, that this is an obligation of the imperfect sort, and cannot be enforced by one nation against another; that each nation must determine the question of duty for itself, and the extent and mode of its intercourse, if any is deemed expedient, with other nations. He

holds, therefore, that no nation is bound to make treaties, or prosecute commerce with any other. Each may refuse to part with its own products, or to purchase the products of others : and in this the publicists all agree. A contrary doctrine would be extraordinary indeed; and we doubt whether it was ever propounded, as a general truth, before it passed from the mouth of the very patriotic and very eccentric individual whose name has obtained for it a degree of attention which its intrinsic merit very little deserves.

It is but a corollary of the general truth just stated, that each nation can determine for itself, what commodities it will admit in, and what commodities it will exclude from, her territory ; and whether those admitted shall be free, or upon the payment of a duty. This right has always been exercised by both England and America—indeed, by all Christendom,—without question.

Having thus tested the validity of the grounds on which England's resort to brute force against China is sought to be justified, we propose to look beyond her overt acts, to her secret purposes. Thus far, we have mainly relied on English authorities ; have made English witnesses testify against English outrage ; and we shall conclude the discussion in the same manner.

Blackwood's Magazine, being tory in its politics, may be supposed to know and speak the purposes of the present tory ministry. Let us see what line of policy it indicates and justifies. On pages 687 and 688 of the November number, we find the following paragraphs. After quoting, with a sneer, a passage from a London journal, to the effect, that the only connection and purpose of England with China are *mercantile*, the writer proceeds thus : "Far different is our own view of the great scene dawning upon us. We are satisfied that a very different mode of connexion is ripe for development, and cannot be much retarded. Let it be remembered that ninety years ago our sole connexion with India was *mercantile*. *Army* we had none, beyond a few files of musketeers for oriental pomp, and otherwise requisite as a local police. *Territory* we had none, beyond what was needed for our cows, pigs, and a cabbage-garden. Nor had we any *scheme of territorial aggrandizement* in those days." The writer then refers to the quarrels which led to the English

conquests in India, and proceeds: “*Such a quarrel has opened upon us in China, and it will revolve through all the stages of an oriental quarrel.*” Again: “Nothing can be more inevitable than the vast *political connexion* which will grow out of the present commercial quarrel. It cannot be evaded. Now, to maintain even our commercial connexion with this people, we must rise to the level of the exigency, and make our connexion *more than commercial*. More, we must make ourselves, or the Chinese will make us less than nothing. Sir Henry Pottinger, from the semi-official explanations already made public, appears to have instructions for founding a number of presidential stations at Pekin and the other great cities of China, *on the model of those in India.*” Again: “Thus far we look forward, and with a general confidence, that thus far in the great outline of our prospects, we are right. Especially, we are confident that ten years ahead will carry us onward to the provincial settlement and the establishment of *our own local army* as the only ultimate dependence of our own local envoys.” The Chinese “will acknowledge no ultimate restraint but that of physical force. The trumpet must often speak to them in tones of warning; many times must the artillery score its dreadful lessons upon their carcasses, before they will be healed of their treachery, *or we shall be allowed to live in the diffusion of peaceful benefits;*” that is, we suppose, before they will be peacefully allowed to live in the diffusion of the profitable drug called opium.

Here, then, we have without disguise, in its native deformity and hideousness, the development of the English-China policy. China is to become a British outpost and dependency; and British China is to be the counterpart of British India. Such is the edict.

If any man would read the history of gigantic crimes, beside which common rape, and robbery, arson and murder, look innocent and angelic,—where empires were plundered and grew poor, while poor clerks became powerful captains, and powerful captains grew into princely nabobs,—where poison and the stiletto did the work which forgery and perjury left unfinished,—let him read the history of British India. He need not stop to regard single crimes; he need not care that Clive forged treaties, that Hastings bought judges, and that Impey sold justice.

If he who reads it has an ordinary share of human feeling, his heart will burn, as ours burned, with indignation, that, to pamper the mercenary with gold, and to glut a nation's fierce thirst for dominion, millions of the human race should have been doomed to such utter and hopeless misery.

Such is the India policy, and such, by the open avowal of a leading English journal, is to be the China policy.

What are France, Holland and America to do? Each has a valuable trade with China—America, indeed, is the most powerful rival of England in the China trade. Is that trade to yield, as the French and Dutch trade in India yielded to English conquest and monopoly? We trust not, and we hope that this country will be prepared to pursue, and to pursue fearlessly and with vigor, such a policy as our own interests and duties may indicate; having no ambition for an extension of territory to gratify, and not seeking to be placed in an attitude of hostility towards England, yet determined in the China seas, as elsewhere, to insist upon our equal commercial rights, and to maintain the integrity of our flag.

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## THE FINE ARTS.

### THE GIPSEY.

THE last card of the Management at the Park Theatre is the production of Fanny Ellsler in the *Gipsey*. It was produced the third night of her engagement to one of the most crowded houses ever known at Old Drury; and, even with the aid of the enthusiasm that a large house of itself creates, all went off very tamely. People were disappointed for various reasons. First, Ellsler, it cannot be denied, is no longer young. Fatigue, with constant travel, has broken down her fine powers, taken the roundness from her limbs. We see now fewer of those magnificent *tours de force* with which she first gained the applause of the theatre; there is less voluntary delight in her movements. She appears wearied out. Time and repose may restore the charms with which she first greeted a New-York audience, though time is no friend to dancers; but even were Ellsler all that she first appeared, in the nature of things, disappointment must at some time ensue.

The disproportionate attention given to a dancer by the Management is one of the most glaring defects. When Ellsler appears, the stock-company is broken up, the drama thrown aside, and what should be at the most a subordinate entertainment, is made the great performance of the night. In France, at her own theatre, the Academie Royale de Musique, a simple dance is never made the sole attraction of the evening. One of the choicest ballets succeeds as an afterpiece, or sometimes is made an interlude to one of the most refined operas. The dance, to say nothing of the better quality of this entertainment by itself, is made subservient to music.

Here all is sacrificed, to what? Not even a respectable *corps de ballet*. All the energies of the Management are bestowed upon one point,—to reduce the expenses of the house, depend upon Fashion, with her crowd of followers, and the real attraction of one first-rate dancer, to make up the enormous sum paid to the Ellsler. Everything is set aside for this. If an operatic company is in the city, whose performances on the stage would give great delight to the most cultivated of the citizens, the answer is, “Enormous sums are pledged to a dancer, and nothing can be hazarded for an Italian opera.” If a new dramatic author has conceived any hopes that his talent will be fostered by the stage, let him learn at once the degrading truth, that the movements of his intellect are naught when brought into comparison with the graceful legs of a dancer. If a foreigner ask for the national drama of the country, others point him to Ellsler too; we would bury the disgrace in silence and shame.

It is time that the proper position of the Stage be understood by the community. So far as theatres are supported by the public, and perhaps there is no country in the world where larger sums are paid for the Stage by the people, they represent the standards of taste and intellectual cultivation. There are other and very different modes of exhibiting the civilization of the land, we know; we only take the theatre as a test of manners, so far as it is actually supported. If a man pays his money and devotes no inconsiderable portion of his time to a particular amusement, we have a right to look at it for evidence of his character. Now, are the play-goers satisfied with the present state of entertainments, or if they are, ought they to be so any longer? So far as our observation extends this awkward dilemma is easily solved, by the simple answer,—they are not satisfied. If we are not mistaken, when the crowded house broke up the other evening after the performance of the Gipsey, to take a most favorable example, there was a universal feeling of disappointment.

The present character of stage-plays is not such as to create any high standard for the drama, to excite any noble enthusiasm

for the stage, as there is an enthusiasm for literature, for oratory, for the arts. The Stage has no character at all. It has no stability. It lacks the first element of strength—Nationality; and it does not pursue even the inferior resources of method and discipline. At the commencement of the season a stock-company was collected, if not in all respects the best that could be desired, it was evidently the best that could be got; the Manager, after repeated failures under almost every other system, appeared determined to abide by the legitimate interests of the Stage; a succession of old comedies was produced, supported only by the company, and, what had not been seen for several seasons, the theatre was at least respectably filled. This course of performances, strictly carried out, might not have proved equally successful: the old comedies produced were sterling affairs, but they were old, they had their day long since, and were gathered on the shelf, where they lay with many better authors, to be taken down and read, to be admired, reproduced, but no longer to supply the intellectual food of a living generation.

The method of the Management, the discipline and steady attention of the actors, argued something like stability, and the old friends of the Stage were fast resuming their seats in the abandoned pit and boxes, when suddenly, at the very height of the season, the company is disbanded, and resort is had again to the worst features of the starring system. The Stage is given up to a dancer. From Kean or Kemble, though the general interests of the drama might suffer from the abuse of the star system, the actors could learn something; they saw at least a lofty specimen of excellence to imitate; when a dancer appears they must retire altogether, and learn a lesson, too familiar to actors, of mortification and disgrace.

We pray you, intelligent public, let these things be amended.

#### MRS. MOWATT'S RECITATIONS.

It is a very pleasing and interesting (to borrow a word from the ladies) entertainment that Mrs. Mowatt offers to the public in her 'Elocutionary Readings and Recitations.' We were present at one of the latest at the Rutgers' Institute in Madison street; and though we were not struck by any indubitable marks of genius in the performance, we were at least gratified by its novelty. The course of these entertainments is this: after the audience is gathered, the lady is escorted to the lecturer's stand, where she is seated by a side-table illuminated by astral lamps and piles of brilliantly bound books. After a few minutes' contemplation,

Gracefully o'er the volume bending,

Mrs. Mowatt proceeded to read from an Album a few introductory critical remarks on the genius of Scott or Mrs. Hemans, or whoever the author may be from whom the recitation is selected. This is a part of the entertainment that it were in better taste to dispense with. Then the book is laid aside, and the recitation goes on in the style and manner of the stage, which is too literally imitated, even to the affected drawl. Mrs. Mowatt has a powerful voice and great self-command, with talents which might be cultivated on the stage to advantage, but in simplicity, sweetness of tone, her recitations can scarcely compare with the readings of the late Mr. Simmons.

The question has been discussed whether a lady should thus appear in public, but looking upon it as the exercise of one department of a reputable profession, that of the stage, we can see no more objection to the recitations of Mrs. Mowatt than to those of Mr. Vandenhoff.

One good effect of these and similar recitations, is that the public are made familiar with choice specimens of literature, and in this way much may be done to refine the public taste. Mrs. Mowatt had two recitations from American authors—The Katydid of Holmes, which was recited with great *naiveté*, and The Missing Ship of Epes Sargeant.

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## THE LOITERER.

### A PREAMBLE TO NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WE have had our own say in Arcturus of the merits of Hawthorne, and have accorded him the high praise of being one of the most remarkable and original of American authors, his originality, growing out of an intense self-consciousness and peculiarities of character, as well as in the local circumstances by which he was surrounded. In the old weather-beaten town of Salem, Hawthorne communed with the silence that lay in its deserted streets; he called up the old men that lingered in its walks and resolved their sunken features and the dim lines of age into tales of youth; he marvelled at its shifting mists, its clouds, its sea; he wandered back into its old history and lighted up in faded sockets the passion and superstition which had condemned the victims to witchcraft. Every stone by its streets, every plant in its barren vicinage was familiar to him. The tales and sketches of Hawthorne are in turn antiquarian, descriptive, personal, metaphysical. A world of reality and another of that dim shadow land which lies on its confines are disclosed in his pages. Let the reader grow familiar with his genius, and first wonder at, and then love the man who

has devoted his powers to examination and discoveries in this strangely compounded human nature. Here is one who probes guilt and weakness, not for the melo-dramatic effect of a novelist, but out of the depths of sympathy with the love and humanity of the good divine. Study Hawthorne, reader, and learn mildness and the wholesome restraint of awe; be content to learn gentleness out of the school of terror, even as Aristotle taught tragedy should purge the passions by pity and dread.

Now that the writings of Hawthorne appear in our pages, we would bid them welcome in some proper preamble. Words of our own may be laid aside when we have by us so eloquent an introduction as Longfellow's review of his first book in the *North American*. It is just the preface, reader, that we should read aloud to you were you sitting by the fire with us this December night—and here it is:

"When a new star rises in the heavens, people gaze after it for a season with the naked eye, and with such telescopes as they may find. In the stream of thought, which flows so peacefully deep and clear, through the pages of this book, we see the bright reflection of a spiritual star, after which men will be fain to gaze "with the naked eye, and with the spy-glasses of criticism." This star is but newly risen; and ere long the observations of numerous star-gazers, perched upon arm-chairs and editors' tables, will inform the world of its magnitude and its place in the heaven of poetry, *whether it be in the paw of the Great Bear*, or on the forehead of Pegasus, or on the strings of the Lyre, or in the wing of the Eagle." Our own observations are as follows:

To this little work we would say, 'Live ever, sweet, sweet book.' It comes from the hand of a man of genius. Every thing about it has the freshness of morning and of May. These flowers and green leaves of poetry have not the dust of the highway upon them. They have been gathered fresh from the secret places of a peaceful and gentle heart. There flow deep waters, silent, calm and cool; and the green trees look into them and 'God's blue Heaven.' The book, though prose, is written, nevertheless, by a poet. He looks upon all things in the spirit of love, and with lively sympathies; for to him external form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life, an end and aim. The true poet is a friendly man. He takes to his arms even cold and inanimate things, and rejoices in his heart, as did St. Bernard of old, when he kissed his Bride of Snow. To his eye all things are beautiful and holy; all are objects of feeling and of song, from the great hierarchy of the silent, saint-like stars, that rule the night, down to the little flowers which are 'stars in the firmament of the earth.' For he feels that

'The infinite forms of love are bound in one  
By love's eternal band;  
The glow-worm and the fire-sea of the sun,  
Came from one father's hand.'

There are some honest people into whose hearts 'Nature cannot find the way.' They have no imagination by which to invest the ruder forms of earthly things with poetry. They are like Wordsworth's Peter Bell:

'A primrose by a river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.'

But it is one of the high attributes of the poetic mind, to feel a universal sympathy with Nature, both in the material world and in the soul of man. It

identifies itself likewise with every object of its sympathy, giving it new sensation and poetic life, whatever that object may be, whether man, bird, beast, flower or star. As to the pure mind all things are pure, so to the poetic mind all things are poetical. To such souls, no age and no country can be utterly dull and prosaic. They make unto themselves their age and country; dwelling in the universal mind of man, and in the universal forms of things. Of such is the author of this book.

There are many who think that the ages of Poetry and Romance are gone by. They look upon the Present as a dull unrhymed and prosaic translation of a brilliant and poetic Past. Their dreams are of the days of Eld; of the Dark Ages, of the days of Chivalry, and Bards and Troubadours, and Minnesingers and the times of which Milton says, ‘The villagers also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe, and the rebbec reads even to the balladry, and the gammuth of every municipal fidler, for these are the countryman’s Arcadia and his Monte Mayors.’ We also love ancient ballads. Pleasantly to our ear sounds the voice of the people in song, swelling fitfully through the desolate chambers of the past, like the wind of evening among ruins. And yet this voice does not persuade us that the days of balladry were more poetic than our own. The spirit of the past pleads for itself, and the spirit of the present likewise. If poetry be an element of the human mind, and consequently in accordance with nature and truth, it would be strange indeed, if, as the human mind advances, poetry should recede. The truth is, that when we look back upon the Past, we see only its bright and poetic features. All that is dull, prosaic and common-place, is lost in the shadowy distance. We see the moated castle on the hill, and,

‘Golden and red above it,  
The clouds float gorgeously,’

but we see not the valley below, where the patient bondsman toils like a beast of burden. We see the tree tops waving in the wind, and hear the merry birds singing under their green roofs; but we forget that at their roots there are swine feeding upon acorns. With the Present it is not so. We stand too near to see objects in a picturesque light. What to others at a distance is a bright and folded summer cloud, is to us, who are in it, a dismal drizzling rain. Thus to many this world, all beautiful as it is, seems a poor, working-day world. They are ready to exclaim with Goëthe:

“Why so bustleth the people, and erieth? would find itself victual,  
Children too would beget, feed on the best may be had,  
Mark in thy note-book, traveller, this, and at home go do likewise,  
Farther reacheth no man, make he what stretching he may.”

Thus has it been since the world began. Ours is not the only Present, which has seemed dull, common-place, and prosaic.

The truth is, the heaven of poetry and romance still lies around us and within us. If people would but lay aside their “abominable spectacles,” the light of The Great Carbuncle would flash upon their sight with astonishing brightness. So long as truth is stranger than fiction, the elements of poetry and romance will not be wanting in common life. If, invisible ourselves, we could follow a single human being through a single day of its life, and know all its secret thoughts, and hopes, and anxieties, its prayers and tears and good resolves, its passionate delights and struggles against temptation,—all that excites, and all that soothes the heart of man—we should have poetry enough to fill a volume. Nay, set the imagination free, like another bottle-imp, and bid it lift for you the roofs of the city, street by street, and after a single night’s observation, you shall sit you down and write poetry and romance for the rest of your life.

We deem these few introductory remarks important to a true understanding of Mr. Hawthorne’s character as a writer. It is from this point that he goes forth; and if we would go with him, and look upon life and nature as he does, we also must start from the same spot. In order to judge of the truth and beauty of his sketches, we must at least know the point of view from which he drew them. Let us now examine the sketches themselves.

The Twice-Told Tales are so called, we presume, from having been first

published in various annuals and magazines, and now collected together, and told a second time in a volume by themselves. And a very delightful volume do they make ; one of those which excite in you a feeling of personal interest for the author. A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page ; with now a pleasant smile, and now a shade of sadness stealing over its features. Sometimes, though not often, it glares wildly at you, with a strange and painful expression, as, in the German romance, the bronze knocker of the Archivarius Lindhorst makes up faces at the Student Anselmus.

One of the most prominent characteristics of these tales is, that they are national in their character. The author has wisely chosen his themes among the traditions of New England ; the dusty legends of ‘the good Old Colony times when we lived under a king.’ This is the right material for story. It seems as natural to make tales out of old tumble-down traditions, as canes and snuff-boxes out of old steeples, or trees planted by great men. The puritanical times begin to look romantic in the distance. Who would not like to have strutted through the city of Agamenticus, where a market was held every week, on Wednesday, and there were two annual fairs at St. James’ and St. Paul’s ? Who would not like to have been present at the court of the Worshipful Thomas Gorges, in the palmy days of the law, when Tom Heard was fined five shillings for being drunk, and John Payne the same, ‘for straining one oath’ ? Who would not like to have seen the time when Thomas Taylor was presented to the grand jury ‘for abusing Captain Rayner, being in authority, by *thee-ing* and *thou-ing* him’ ; and John Wardell likewise, for denying Cambridge College to be an ordinance of God ; and when some were fined for winking at comely damsels in church ; and others for being common sleepers there on the Lord’s day ? Truly, many quaint and quiet customs, many comic scenes and strange adventures, many wild and wondrous things, fit for humorous tale, and soft, pathetic story, lie all about us here in New England. There is no tradition of the Rhine nor of the Black Forest, which can compare in beauty with that of the Phantom Ship. The Flying Dutchman of the Cape, and the Klabotermann of the Baltic, are nowise superior. The story of Peter Rugg, the man who could not find Boston, is as good as that told by Gervase of Tilbury, of a man who gave himself to the devils by an unfortunate imprecation, and was used by them as a wheelbarrow ; and the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains shines with no less splendor than that which illuminated the subterranean palace in Rome, as related by William of Malmesbury. Truly, from such a Fortunatus’ pocket and wishing cap, a tale-bearer might furnish forth a sufficiency of ‘peryllous adventures, right espouventables, bryfely compyled and pyteous for to here.’

Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters are. Indeed he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought. Some writers of the present day have introduced a kind of Gothic architecture into their style. All is fantastic, vast and wondrous in the outward form, and within is mysterious twilight, and the swelling sound of an organ, and a voice chanting hymns in Latin, which need a translation for many of the crowd. To this we do not object. Let the priest chant in what language he will, so long as he understands his own mass-book. But if he wishes the world to listen and be edified, he will do well to choose a language that is generally understood.

\* \* \* These extracts are sufficient to show the beautiful and simple style of the book, its vein of pleasant philosophy, and the quiet humor, which is to the face of a book what a smile is to the face of a man. In speaking in terms of such high praise as we have done, we have given utterance not alone to our own feelings, but we trust, to those of all gentle readers of the Twice-Told Tales. Like children, we say, “Tell us more !”

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#### A BALLAD BY MACAULAY.

THERE are said to be no ballads in England of the period of the civil war, written at the time, which we cannot but be disposed to wonder at, considering how gallant and music-loving the

Cavaliers were, and how fond of singing psalms, at least, the Covenanters were. But there was the spirit of the ballad in the daring acts and adventure of both parties, and, especially, in the principles contended for, loyalty and freedom set in opposite scales. Many a family story of the royalists would make a stirring poem, and many a “corn-law rhyme” might be set to the tune of the hard knocks of the Covenanters amid the ranks of the enemy. Macaulay has written two ballads for these times, one of the Cavaliers and the other of the Puritans. The former is gay, disdainful, full of jests, laughter and threats, not without courage, but without the iron valor and fearful enthusiasm of the Covenanters and their cause. See the tremendous storm of war roll and surge through these lines, and mark the exultation in the victory, like the old conquests of the children of Israel over the idolaters and heathen.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY, BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGENT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

Oh ! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North  
   With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?  
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?  
   And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
   And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
   Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June  
   That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,  
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,  
   And Astley and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
   The General rode along us to form us for the fight,  
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,  
   Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
   The cry of battle rises along their charging line !  
 For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !  
   For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,  
   His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;  
 They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes :—Close your ranks,—  
   For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here :—they rush on.—We are broken :—we are gone :—  
   Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
 O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !  
   Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound :—the centre hath given ground :—

Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear ?  
Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.

Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads predestined to rot on Temple-Bar,  
And he—he turns, he flies,—shame to those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war !

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain : and, ere ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your guest secure ;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,  
When ye kiss'd your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;  
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mock'd at heaven and hell and fate,  
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,  
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,  
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,  
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope ;  
There is woe in Oxford Halls : there is wail in Durham's Stalls :  
The Jesuit smites his bosom: the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword ;  
And the Kings of earth, in fear, shall shudder when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

#### MR. DALLAS'S LECTURE ON RUSSIA.

THE recent lecture of Mr. Dallas, at Clinton Hall, has been deservedly one of the best-received of the season. It was full of facts, anecdote, and spirit. The emperor Nicholas, it seems, is a perfect modern Haroun al Raschid among kings.

The picture of the Serf was equally well drawn, so too were the details of the arts, of the manners and customs. Among the statements of the latter there was a curious habit at funerals mentioned of enclosing in the coffins a pan of food and a *passport*. This is the very romance of government: we had thought the poor serf, after being cabined and confined in governmental regulations all his life was at least free to pass to another world when

nature called him, but it seems that despotism is so stereotyped upon the soul, that his friends must provide him with a passport. This is more barbarous than the ancients' obolus for Charon; that at least arose out of a religious superstition, this tells nothing else than tyranny in the State and degradation in the people. Think of an American getting anything of a passport except from a physician!

It is not a little singular that Russia, despotic as she is, should be at this moment the natural ally of the freest government in the world. Russia and America are both pledged "to protect the freedom of the seas," exclaimed Mr. Dallas triumphantly, "the rights of nations, the SEARCHLESS SHELTER OF THE FLAG."

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#### AN UNEDITED POEM BY KEATS.

THE last edition of Keats in eighteenmo, published this very year by Smith of London, contains we believe, all of this poet that is accessible to the reader. Having met with another poem in the original edition of *The Indicator*, which is now very rare, we have thought it would be as great a pleasure to some of our friends as it is to ourselves to be in possession of a few more of the delicate fancies and reveries of the poet; whose praises, we are glad to find, by the voices and rejoicings of the press, we did not in our last sing too loudly. Not that we, for a moment, thought we were praising Keats too eagerly, or that we waited for a confirmation to our judgment from others, but in these matters of taste and feeling half of the pleasure is in sympathy, and besides, a magazine speaks for others as well as itself. It represents a kind of literary constituency. Again, we say welcome to the enthusiasm of the newspapers.

The poem of Keats to which we now come, is founded on the story of an unhappy wight who wandered disconsolate for the neglect of his lady-love. The title belongs to a poem attributed to Chaucer and translated from the old French of Alain Chartier sometime in the fifteenth century, secretary to Kings Charles, Sixth and Seventh.

#### LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
Alone and palely loitering;  
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,  
 With anguish moist and fever dew ;  
 And on thy cheek a fading rose  
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads  
 Full beautiful, a fairy's child ;  
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
 And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
 And nothing else saw all day long ;  
 For sideways would she lean, and sing  
 A fairy's song.

I made a garland for her head,  
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone :  
 She look'd at me as she did love,  
 And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
 And honey wild, and manna dew ;  
 And sure in language strange she said,  
 I love thee true.

She took me to her Elfin grot,  
 And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,  
 And there I shut her wild sad eyes  
 So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,  
 And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,  
 The latest dream I ever dream'd  
 On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;  
 Who cried " La belle Dame sans mercy  
 Hath thee in thrall !"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloom  
 With horrid warning gaped wide,  
 And I awoke, and found me here  
 On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
 Alone and palely loitering,  
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake  
 And no birds sing.

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